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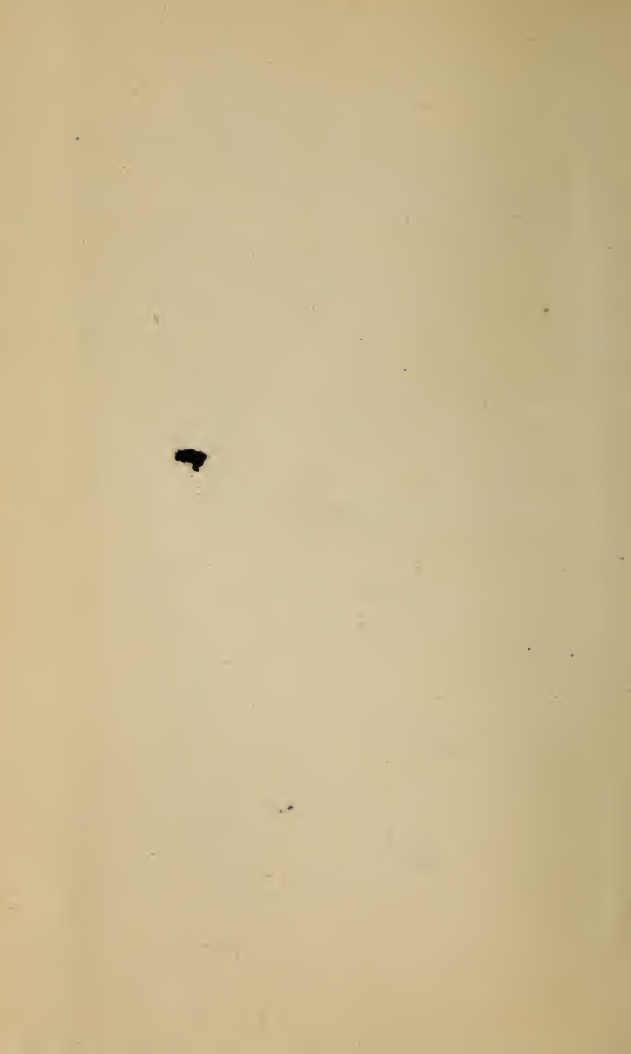
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LITTLE GEMS
FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.





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LITTLE GEMS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.



COMPILED BY

S. H. PEIRCE.



PHILADELPHIA:

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,

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PREFACE AND DEDICATION.

N making this collection, (many of which are of early date,) it has been the desire of the compiler to place before the youthful mind only such sentiments as are calculated to ennoble and beautify their characters, by cultivating a love for all that is beautiful in nature.

Carefully have we avoided everything that should sadden ; while we have aimed to call forth a desire to do right for the love of being happy and contributing to the happiness of others.

A young and devoted mother, who felt a deep interest in the welfare and advancement of little children, often regretted that she could find no book of poems free from sentiments which were calculated to bewilder

and darken the infantile mind. As she lay upon her bed of suffering, a short time before her sweet spirit entered into that higher life for which it was so eminently fitted by that love which beautified her earthly life, she again expressed the wish that such a book should be compiled.

In compliance with this wish has the work been cheerfully performed.

TO HER MEMORY

IT IS DEDICATED,

BY A FRIEND OF THE LITTLE ONES.





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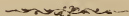
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LITTLE GEMS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.



DREARY place would be this
earth,

Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it :

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender :

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending ;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing —
No tiny dresses to embroider —
No cradle for their watchful caring ?

No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting,
No merry shouts as home they rush —
No precious morsel for their tasting ?

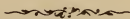
Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table ;
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they 're able :

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman ;
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious dim unfolding,
The little ones, with cherub smile,
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When, in Judah's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it,
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.



THE PRISONER BIRD.



HERE you are in your cage,
Up in the green tree,
Looking as sad
As a bird can be:

Gazing all day
At your friends, that fly
With a merry song
From earth to sky.

The bright butterflies
And the beetles and bees
Spread out their light wings,
And soar where they please:

But there you sit,
 With a folded wing
And a broken heart,
 Though you strive to sing.

Might I open your prison,
 And bid you go
And build you a nest,
 As you used to do,

And hear you pouring
 The song of the free,
'Twould be a great pleasure
 Sweet bird! to me.



THE CORAL BRANCH.



THOUGHT my branch of coral

A pretty shrub might be,
Until I learn'd a little worm

Had made it in the sea.

Down, down so deep,
Where dark waters sleep,
The coral insect lives;
But rests not there —
With toil and care
It upward, upward strives.

It builds its coral palaces,
Than lofty hills more high;
And then, the structure to complete,
The little worm must die.

Thus teaching me,
When coral I see,
That, dying, I should leave
Some good work here,
My friends to cheer
When o'er my tomb they grieve.

THE PONY RIDE.



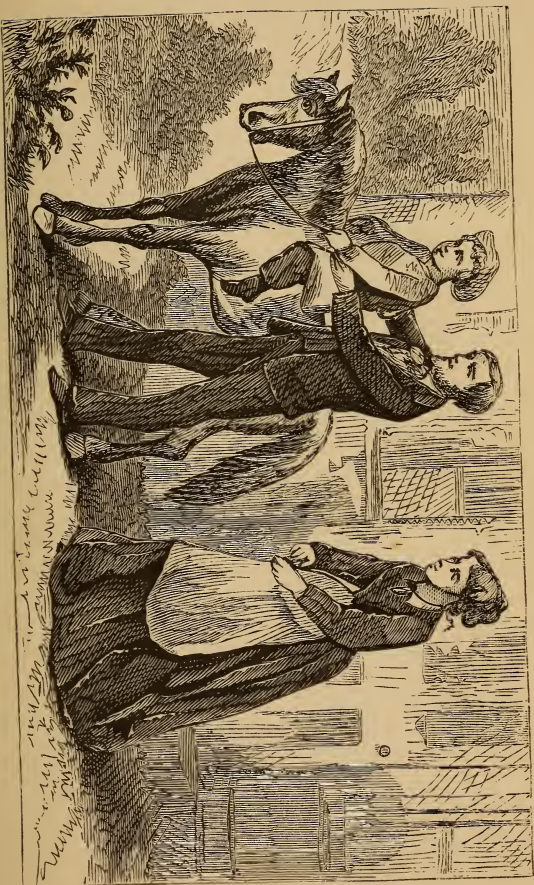
PRETTY lady, mount and go!
Saddle, bridle, all is ready;
And the pony's glances show
He is proud to bear his lady.

Cæsar barks with honest glee,
All impatient for a scamper;
Down the road, or o'er the lea,
Off he'll bound before the tramper.

Trot or amble, safe and sure,
Pony ne'er will start or stumble;
Over holt or hill secure,
Mount and go, nor fear a tumble.

Pony well deserves your care,
Corn and hay to fill his manger;
Well he knows his mistress fair —
Knows her voice from any stranger.

Prithee, lady, mount and ride;
Pony loves your weight to carry;
Then you'll homeward prance with pride,
Light and free as any fairy.



THE PONY RIDE.—PAGE 18.

THE SQUIRREL.



HE pretty red squirrel lives up in a
tree,
A blithe little creature as ever can
be ;
He dwells in the boughs, where the stock-
dove broods,
Far in the shades of the green summer
woods ;
His food is the young juicy cones of the
pine,
And the milky beechnut is his bread and
his wine.
In the joy of his heart he frisks with a
bound
To the topmost twigs, then down to the
ground,
Then up again like a wingèd thing,
And from tree to tree with a vaulting spring ;
Then he sits up aloft, and looks waggish and
queer,
As if he would say, " Ay, follow me here ! "
And then he grows pettish and stamps his
foot,
And then independently cracks his nut.

And thus he lives the long summer
through,

Without a care or thought of sorrow.

But small as he is, he knows he may want,
In the bleak winter weather, when food is
scant;

So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,
And there makes his nest, and lays up his
store:

Then when the cold winter comes, and the
trees are bare,

When the white snow is falling, and keen is
the air,

He heeds it not, as he sits by himself
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on the
shelf.

Oh, wise little squirrel! no wonder that he
In the green summer woods is as blithe as
can be.



CONTRADICTION.



O contradict is always rude,

Whate'er the matter be;

Besides, it should be understood

That thoughts to all are free.


If we our own opinions have,
Let others have one too :
And many quarrels it would save
If all were so to do.

But children never should pretend,
In cases e'er so slight,
To contradict a wiser friend,
Pretending to be right.

Then never let your childish tongue
In such a cause engage :
Submit and listen while you're young,
That you may speak in age.



COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

EAR little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
Wrapp'd for the night,
Come, let me count all
Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose.

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.



THE SNOW.



H, see! the snow is falling now;
It powders all the trees;
Its flakes abound, and all around
They float upon the breeze.

'Tis snowing fast, and cold the blast,
But yet I hope 't will stay;
Oh! see it blow the falling snow
In meadows far away.

Jack Frost is near—we feel him here;
He's on his icy sled;
And, cover'd deep, the flowers sleep
Beneath their snowy bed.

Come out and play, this winter day,
Amid the falling snow;
Come, young and old, nor fear the cold,
Nor howling winds that blow.



LADY-BIRD.



LADY-BIRD! lady-bird! fly away
home,
The field-mouse has gone to her
nest,
The daisies have shut up their sweet, sleepy
eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine
speckled wings
Will be wet with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
The fairy-bells tingle afar;
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and har-
ness you fast,
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

THE FROLICSOME KITTEN.

DEAR kitten, do lie still, I say;
I really want you to be quiet,
Instead of scampering away
And always making such a riot.

“There, only see! you’ve torn my frock,
And poor mamma must put a patch in;
I’ll give you a right earnest knock,
To cure you of the trick of scratching.”

Nay, do not scold your little cat,
She does not know what ’tis you’re saying;
And every time you give a pat,
She thinks you mean it all for playing.

But if poor pussy understood
The lesson that you want to teach her,
And did not choose to be so good,
She’d be indeed a naughty creature.



THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.



HO'S the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.



ARTHUR'S ROCKING-HORSE.



O, dear aunt, do come and see,
What dear papa has bought for me!

Come, now come — 'tis in the
lobby:

I can ride it — I can guide it;
Papa says 'tis Arthur's hobby.


Ah, dear aunt, you well may stare;
My rocking-horse is standing there;
And, when mounted on him fairly,
I can back him — I can check him,
Or I make him gallop rarely.

See, my foot in stirrup set,
Springing nimbly, up I get,
And horseman-like I seize the bridle:
Up I rein him, down constrain him;
He never wishes to be idle.

"Yes, dear Arthur, well you ride,
And mount with grace, 'tis not denied;
I'll name your horse 'Amazing Bobby';
Dappled gray, sir, he's a racer;
Pa may call him 'Arthur's hobby.'

“Many ride for riding’s sake —
You as good a journey make;
Theirs the world, and yours the lobby;
From employment springs enjoyment,
Romp at home, then, ‘Arthur’s hobby.’”

THE OWL.

HY dost thou wander, lonesome owl,
Now everything beside, each fowl
And beast, to rest is laid?
Why do thy broad wings shine so light,
From mead to mead, when the dim night
Bids all the prospect fade?

Doth the sun blind thine eyes by day,
That, hid from sight, thou steal'st away
Amid the ivy-tree?
Go, silly owl, go sleep till morn
Shall to the woods and fields return,
Then wake, and sport like me.

“Ah! little boy,” the owl would say,
“Thou dost not know how blithe and gay

I hail the twilight hour,
When the pale stars are up; then I
Am out beneath their gentle sky,
The mistress of the bower.

“When lark and linnet lie asleep
In their warm nest, 't is then I keep
My merry-makings here;
My hootings, long and loud, no less
Than their sweet songs can joy express,
And my companions cheer.

“The moon sheds down her brightest beams,
To guide me by the woods and streams,
Home to my dark old tree:
And when the sun brings back his joys,
Then little birds and little boys
In turn may merry be.”



THE LITTLE ANGEL.



RIGHT into our house, one day,
A dear little angel came;
I ran to him, and said softly,
“Little angel, what is your name?”

He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile;
Then I said, "May I go home with you?
Shall you go in a little while?"

But mamma said, "Dear little angel,
Don't leave us! oh, always stay!
We will all of us love you dearly!
Sweet angel! oh, don't go away!"

So he stay'd, and he stay'd, and we loved
him

As we could not have loved another:
Do you want to know what his name is?
His name is — *My little brother!*



THE SPARROW.



LAD to see you, little bird ;
'Twas your little chirp I heard ;
What did you intend to say ?
“Give me something this cold day ?”

That I will, and plenty, too ;
All these crumbs I saved for you ;
Don't be frighten'd — here's a treat ;
I will wait and see you eat.

Shocking tales I hear of you ;
Chirp, and tell me, are they true ?
Robbing all the summer long ;
Don't you think it very wrong ?

Thomas says you steal his wheat ;
John complains his plums you eat,
Choose the ripest for your share,
Never asking whose they are.

But I will not try to know
What you did so long ago ;
There's your breakfast — eat away :
Come and see me every day.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?



TE-WHIT! te-whit! te-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave for you a wisp of hay,
And did not take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

Te-whit! te-whit! te-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean as that, now!"

I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean as that, now!"

Te-whit! te-whit! te-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too:
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

Te-whit! te-whit! te-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?

“Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too:
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?”

“Caw! caw!” cried the crow;
“I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?”

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!” said the hen;
“Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick:
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together;

I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
We'll make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, For shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green:
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"'T is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal:
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

THE NEW BOOK.



IND teacher, when you gave this
book

To me and brother James,
We could not say our A, B, C,
We did not know their names.

But now we know them every one —
Can read, and write, and spell;
And all the lessons, too, we've learn'd,
And know them very well.



THE LITTLE ROVER.



H, there's the squirrel perch'd aloft,
That active little rover;
See how he whisks his bushy tail,
Which shadows him all over.

Now view him seated on the bough,
To crack his nuts at ease,
While blackbirds sing and stock-doves coo,
Amid the neighboring trees.

With cunning glance he casts around
His merry, sparkling eye :
In yonder hazel, by the brook,
Rich clusters he can spy.

And then he flies, much more alert
Than butterfly or bee ;
No lamb or kid is half so light,
So swift of foot as he.



THE LITTLE MATCH-SELLERS.



ARE all your matches sold, Tom?
Is all your selling done?
Then let us to the flowery fields,
To warm us in the sun :
To warm us in the sweet, sweet sun —
To feel his heavenly glow ;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll call the sun our father, Tom !
We'll call the sun our mother !
We'll call each little charming beam
A sister or a brother !

He thinks no shame to kiss us,
Although we ragged go;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll tell him all our sorrows, Tom!
We'll tell him all our care—
We'll tell him where we sleep at night,
We'll tell him how we fare;
And then! oh, then! to cheer us,
How sweetly he will glow!
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.



CHARLEY AND HIS KITTY.



HERE is my little kitty gone?"
Said Charley boy, one day;
"I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken her away.

"I'll go in mamma's room and look;
Perhaps she may be there;
For kitty loves to take a nap
In mamma's easy-chair.

“O mamma, mamma, come and look,
See what a little heap!
My kitty’s in the basket here,
All cuddled down to sleep.”

He took the basket carefully,
And brought it in a minute,
And show’d it to his mamma dear,
With little kitty in it.



THE ROBIN REDBREAST.



WO robin redbreasts built their nest
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said,
“Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!”

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)
Cock-robin said, “My little dears,
’T is time you learn’d to fly;”
And all the little young ones said,
“I’ll try, I’ll try, I’ll try.”

I know a child — and who she is
I'll tell you by-and-by —
When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far,
If she would say, "I'll try."

THE POOR MAN TO HIS SON.



WORK, work, my boy; be not afraid —
Look labor boldly in the face:
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands
may be;
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of the nation's tree.

There's honor in the toiling part,
That finds us in the furrow'd fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart,
Worth more than all your quarter'd shields.

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.



WILL be good, dear mother,"

I heard a sweet child say ;

"I will be good : now watch me ;

I will 'be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile ;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips
So pure and free from guile.

And when night came, that little one
Did on her pillow lay :
Said she, in a soft and whispering tone,
"Have I been good to-day?"

Oh, many, many bitter tears
'Twould save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
"Have I been good to-day?"



BOB-O-LINK AND CANARY.



At the window hangs Canary,
Singer sweet and true ;
Bob-o-link, from out the hedgerow,
He is singing too.

Now his liquid notes Canary
Pours like music-rain ;
Now the voice from out the hedgerow,
Bob-o-link again.

Stints his song awhile Canary :
“ Who may this bird be,
That with ever-answering carol
Strives to vie with me ? ”

“ Only Bob-o-link,” the singer ;
“ Merry bird am I :
Through the wood, and fields, and meadows,
Back and forth I fly.”

Now his bravest song Canary,
Now his finest trill ;
Bob-o-link's, from out the hedgerow,
Braver, finer still !

Then the tender-voiced Canary,
Wondering, paused in pain,
And the careless hedgerow singer
Trill'd his lay again.

"I am weary," sobs Canary,
"I am all outdone;
'T was the trial-test between us —
Bob-o-link has won.

"Even my mistress, she who fancied
My poor song divine —
See, how eagerly she listens
To his song — not mine.

"Knows she why in happy music
He surpasses me?
I am but a caged Canary —
Bob-o-link is free."



LITTLE THINGS.



LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

LITTLE BO-PEEP AND HER SHADOW.



AS I walk'd out, one bright, sunny day,
I saw a pretty little girl at play —
Playing with her shadow ;
They danced and skipp'd together,
And flitted here and there
In the golden weather.
Little feet tripp'd o'er the smooth white street,
Follow'd by their shadow ;
Golden curls kiss'd a sunny cheek,
And so they kiss'd a shadow.
Little Bo-peep was here,
Little Bo-peep was there,
Little Bo-peep was everywhere,
And so was her shadow.

Bright little boys and dear little girls
Shouted at play together ;
Now they laugh'd at little Bo-peep,
Because she loved her shadow ;
And then they call'd to little Bo-peep :
“ Come, let's play together ! ”
But little Bo-peep,
Like a shy little sheep,
Loved to play with her shadow.

So she danced here,
And skipp'd about there,
And frolick'd around 'most everywhere
After her little shadow.

Then at last her dear little friends,
Tired of playing together,
Gather'd all round, and laugh'd to see
The little maid play with her shadow.

Oh, what fun
To see her run,
Playing with her shadow !
Then all began,
Little maid and little man,
To skip swiftly after :
Now here, now there,
Now everywhere —
One, two, three, see ! oh, see !
Running after shadows.

Rosy cheeks, merry laugh, swift little feet,
tangled curls —
Oh, what wild little boys and girls !
But was n't it fun
To see them run
After dancing shadows ?

Now here, now there,
Now everywhere,
Skipping after shadows —
Oh, was n't it fun,
To see them run,
After dancing shadows ?



THE LITTLE CHILD'S APPEAL TO THE
BIRD.



LITTLE bird, roam
Quick to my home :
I'll give you to eat
Everything sweet ;
Sugar and cake
I'll save for your sake ;
Melon and plum,
You shall have some ;
A peach and a pear,
And everything rare ;
Some straw for your nest,
And, what you like best,
A nice little house,
As snug as a mouse.

Come away from the tree,
And live here with me:

I will give you a brush
To smooth down each feather;

And brother shall hush
While we sing together:
Come away from the tree,
And live here with me.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S ANSWER.

I thank you, my dear,
But I'd rather live here:
The skies they are fair,
And I love the fresh air;
The trees they are green,
And I sit like a queen
On a branch as it goes,
While the pleasant wind blows.
I have more on my table
To eat than I'm able,
For the very large field
My desert does yield.
But come from your book,
With a good-humored look,

When with care you have read,
And your lesson is said;
Sit under the tree,
With your sewing, by me,
And this afternoon
I will sing you a tune.



A MORNING SUNBEAM.



NESTLING in the little crib,
A soft hand laid upon my head,
A gentle whisper in my ear :
“Mamma, I ’m tumin’ into bed !”

“Oh, no !” I said, “’twill never do :
Now shut those little peepers tight,
And sleep and dream till morning breaks ;
Then you may come — when comes the
light.”

Again a nestling in the crib,
As down to rest my birdie lay ;
I listen’d, for I thought she spoke :
“Huddy up, light !” I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again
Till dawn lit up the eastern sky :
Then sang my birdie sweet and clear,
“ Now light has tum, and so has I ! ”



GEORGE AND HIS DOG.



GEORGE had a large and noble dog,
With hair as soft as silk ;
A few black spots upon his back,
The rest as white as milk.

And many a happy hour they had,
In dull or shining weather ;
For in the house, or in the fields,
They always were together.

It was rare fun to see them race
Through fields of bright-red clover,
And jump across the running brooks,
George and his good dog, Rover.

The faithful creature knew full well
When master wish'd to ride ;
And he would kneel down in the grass,
While Georgy climb'd his side.

They both were playing in the field,
When all at once they saw
A little squirrel on a stump,
With an acorn in his paw.

Rover sent forth a loud bow-wow,
And tried to start away ;
He thought to scare the little beast
Would be a noble play.

But George cried out, " For shame ! for shame !
You are so big and strong,
To worry that poor little thing
Would be both mean and wrong ! "

The dog still look'd with eager eye,
And George could plainly see
It was as much as he could do
To let the squirrel be.

The timid creature would have fear'd
The dog so bold and strong ;
But he seem'd to know the little boy
Would let him do no wrong.

He peep'd in George's smiling face,
And, trusting to his care,

He kept his seat upon the stump,
And ate his acorn there.

He felt a spirit of pure love
Around the gentle boy,
As if good angels, hovering there,
Watch'd over him in joy.

And true it is, the angels oft
Good little George have led:
They're with him in his happy play,
They guard his little bed.

They keep his heart so kind and true,
They make his eyes so mild;
For dearly do the angels love
A gentle little child.



THE SNOW-BIRDS.



H! see in the snow,
Yon little birds! see
How lightly they go,
With their song of "Chee, chee!"

Oh, dear little things,
How red are your toes !
And your swift little wings
Will be stiffen'd and froze.

What birds can they be
That stay with us still,
While all the rest flee
From the winter so chill ?

Oh, I think I have heard
My Aunt Margaret say
How she loved this gay bird,
On a cold autumn day :

Because, when all others
Have fled far away,
He and all his young brothers
Hop round us and play.

The bluebird has flown
To the south long ago ;
The robin has shown
He's afraid of the snow :

The thrush and the cat-bird
Have bid us adieu ;


Not a note can be heard
From the plaintive cuckoo:

The turtle-dove sighs
To her mate far away;
And none but the snow-bird
Is willing to stay.

So come, sister Anne,
And throw them some bread;
They will come here again
If they are well fed.



MILK.

ARK! when the merry milk-maid
sings,
"Come, pretty cow, come here,"
The pretty cow her treasure brings,
And cheerfully draws near.

And Derwent may have fresh warm milk,
To make him fat and strong;
'T is white as snow, and soft as silk,
And he may drink it long.

How many uses can be made
Of milk so pure and sweet !
Within the dairy's pleasant shade
With richest cream we meet ;

Which when the dairy-maid has found,
She puts it in her churn ;
And while she works it round and round,
To butter it will turn :

That butter which you daily see
Upon the table placed ;
Which in such pretty forms may be
By various fancies graced.

We also make from milk and cream
Full many a dainty dish :
Custards and sillabubs will seem
Well suited to your wish.

Yet better far, for little boys,
The puddings it will make,
With rice or flour, and eggs so choice,
Which in our ovens bake.

Again, there's cheese, which people praise,
And with their dinner eat ;

Made in so many different ways,
That some are quite a treat.

But when you eat it, think and feel
How many poor there are,
To whom the worst sort, with their meal,
Would be a dainty fare.

And do not, in a fancied taste,
Despise the coarser food,
Or in a careless manner waste
What thousands think so good.

When you are walking in the fields,
You'll love the gentle cow,
Since to the milk she daily yields
Such wholesome food we owe.



MY BIRD IS DEAD.



Y bird is dead,"
Said Nancy Ray;
"My bird is dead,
I cannot play.

“He sang so sweetly
Every day —
He sings no more ;
I cannot play.

“Go put his cage
Far, far away ;
I do not love
His cage to-day.”

She wiped her eyes,
Poor Nancy Ray,
And sat and sigh'd,
But could not play.



PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.



HE spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner ;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill,
In all her life had stirr'd her,
But while she moves with careless tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay,
With eyes down-dropp'd and tender,
Remember, the old proverb says
That pretty is that pretty does,
And that worth does not go or stay
For poverty or splendor.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner ;
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her web of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.



GOING TO SLEEP.



HAPPY stars, in pleasant places,
Will you turn your happy faces
So that I can see you shine,
In this little bed of mine?

When the shades begin to fall,
You come flocking, one and all,
Up the pathway of the skies,
With a smile in your sweet eyes.

And I wonder where you stay
All the bright and tender day—
Why you never linger long
When the bird begins his song:

If you hear the sweet brown-thrush
Break the morning's early hush,
If the sparrow's "Chip che char"
Reaches up to where you are?

While I go to sleep, dear star,
Will you stay just where you are?
So that I may find you there,
Not the sky all blue and bare:

With my little prayers all said,
Prayers for love and daily bread,
I may hear the songs you sung
When the Heavenly Child was young.



THE CRICKET.



HAT voice is singing in the grass,
So merrily all day?
In every field where'er I pass
It never seems away.

It is the cricket's blithesome sound,
And yet no voice has he ;
'T is only with his little wing
He tells us of his glee.

His house is but a tiny cell,
Down in the hedgerow made ;
Where hazel-boughs and wild-flowers sweet
His pathway overshade.

Green as the grass, he scarce is seen
Among the leaves around ;
And if he heard your footsteps near,
He'd hide within the ground.

Thus all the summer long he sings,
And sips the dewy flower;
For every day that rises brings
New gladness to his bower.

While we that hear his merry song
May its intention guess,
And think that sound from mead to mead
Speaks of his happiness.



ONLY.



NLY two little darlings
Welcome me home at night,
Only two little prattlers
With faces sweet and bright:
They are very tiny creatures
In this big world of ours;
But the chirp of their merry prattle
Gladdens the evening hours.

So many wondrous stories
To pour in papa's ear,
So many wants to care for,
Such boundless faith to cheer!

Confiding joy of childhood,
With hopes so pure and bright ;
This is the happy greeting
Welcomes me home at night.



LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.



H, where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter
Down the window-pane ?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings,
Because I broke them all ;
And then they lock'd up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
Is that the way you play —
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day ?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak,
But "Pitter-patter, pat,"
Means, "We can play on this side:
Why can't you play on *that*?"



AT CROQUET.



OVER the way,
Day after day,
I sit in my window
And watch the croquet.

I know there's a blue,
And a yellow ball too,
Yet I see but the pink,
Whatever I do.

For (prithee take care,
Little bird in the air,

Not to tell!) there was never
A face so fair

As I see bending over
The grass and the clover,
To bring this pink ball
Out safely a rover.

Her aim is so true,
Look out, silly Blue!
There's a light little foot
All over with you.

And a laugh of such glee
Ripples over to me!
Ah, wondrously glad
Must little Pink be!

So, over the way,
Day after day,
As I sit at my window
And watch the croquet,

I think and I think,
Would gay little Pink,
If I were poor Blue,
Send me off in a wink?

THE UNSOCIABLE COLT.



HY little colt, here's a handful of
 clover ;

Let us be friends, and begin from
 to-day ;

Look, I am tall, and can reach the bars
 over —

Pretty brown frisker, don't gallop away.

I know, if you'd wait but a minute to hear
 me,

Without shooting off in such terrified
 style,

You would very soon make up your mind
 not to fear me,

But listen until I had gossip'd awhile.

There's shaggy old Neptune, *he* thinks it no
 danger

To come when I call, but a matter of
 course :

Mamma says 't is naughty to run from a
 stranger,

As I hope you'll agree, sir, before you're
 a horse.


Is that your mamma by the lily-pool yonder?
She is sleeker than you, and more gentle-
eyed;
Is she scolding you now for bad conduct, I
wonder,
In the whinny she gives as you bound to
her side?

Well, Nep, let's be off in the woods for a
ramble,
And leave Master Colt to his own ugly
mood;
I dare say he'll canter and frolic and gambol,
Without the least sorrow at having been
rude.

But one of these days, when his playtime is
over,
When he's broken to harness, and whipp'd
till he goes,
Perhaps he'll remember the handful of clover,
And think what a blessing is kindness —
who knows?



THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

EHOLD, a little baby boy!
A happy babe is he:
His face how bright,
His heart how light!
His throne his mother's knee.

Now at her with laughing eye
I see him gayly peep;
And now at rest
Upon her breast
He gently sinks to sleep.

His lips are red, his teeth like pearls —
The rogue, he has but two:
His golden hair
How soft and fair,
His eyes how bright and blue!

His tiny hands are white and plump,
And, waking or asleep,
Beneath his clothes
His little toes
How cunningly they peep!

Oh, many things are beautiful —
The bird that sings and flies,
The setting sun
When day is done,
The rainbow in the skies :

My own pet lamb is innocent,
And full of play is he ;
The violet
With dewdrops wet
Is sweet and fair to me :

But there is one more beautiful,
Gay, tender, sweet, and mild —
A baby boy
With heart of joy,
A loved and loving child.



UNDER THE SNOW.



DEAR little violet under the snow,
Whatever you dream there, I fain
would know :

Do you hear the rustle of coming Spring ?
Do you feel the sunshine shed from her wing ?

Does the swallow's first note thrill you
through and through?

Will you wake from the dream, and wish it
were true?

Do you and the crocus whisper together
Of the day of the month and the pleasant
weather?

Of the summer that was, of the summers to
be?

Of the robin's long pause, and the gnat's
mystery?

Oh, I long for the sunbeams to pierce and
dissolve

All these drifts of snow your being above:

For the warm rains to woo you into the
light,

For the south wind to sue you with all its
might;

For then will you waken out from your
trance,

And bring the forsaken remembrance.



GOING TO BED.



DOWN upon my pillow warm

I do lay my little head,
And the rain and wind and storm
Cannot come too nigh my bed.

Dear mamma, I thank you oft
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep till morning light,
On a bed so nice as this;
So, my dear mamma, good night:
Give your little girl a kiss.



LITTLE WHITE LILY.



LITTLE white Lily

Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone:

Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good,
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
Dress'd like a bride,
Shining with whiteness
And crown'd beside.

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the soft rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty,
To have a nice rain;

Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain,
Little white Lily
Is happy again.



SLEEPY HARRY.



DO not like to go to bed,"
Sleepy little Harry said:
"Go, naughty Betty, go away;
I will not come at all, I say!"

Oh, what a silly little fellow!
I should be quite ashamed to tell her;
Then, Betty, you must come and carry
This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
They go to roosting when they ought;
And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders with his *naked* feet,
And has not where to lay his head,
Oh, he'd be *glad* to go to bed.



CATCHING SUNBEAMS.

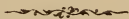


REACHING after sunbeams
With a dimpled hand —
That is right, my darling,
Grasp the golden band:
Fold it to your bosom,
Let it cheer your heart;
Gather radiant sunbeams,
Bid the clouds depart.

When your feet shall wander
From my side away,
You will find that evil
With the good may stray.

Never heed it, darling ;
Let it pass the while ;
Gather only sunbeams,
Keep your heart from guile.

Grief may be your portion,
Shadows dim your way ;
Clouds may darkly threaten
To obscure the day :
Don't despair, my darling ;
There's a Father's love :
How could there be shadows
With no lights above ?



THE ROBINS.



GOOD morning, bonnie Annie,
I'm very glad you've come,
Bringing smiles and kisses
From your pleasant home.

Come and sit beside me,
In this little chair ;
I'll tell you pretty stories,
My cousin blithe and fair.

A very pretty sight
This morning I did see —
Four little robins
Sitting on a tree.

A bright-red cherry
One of them did pull;
It was large and ripe,
And very beautiful.

So he gave it to his mate,
As if wishing her to see;
And then all along,
To each of the three.

And then they all began
To peck a little piece;
Stopping to whistle,
“Oh, how very nice!”

And when they had eaten it,
All so lovingly,
They flew away again,
Singing right merrily.

These little robins,
That live so happily,

Teach many lessons
Sweet and dear to me.

How boys can harm them
I do not know,
And be so cruel to them,
And make them fear us so.



THE WOOD-MOUSE.



YE know the little wood-mouse?
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest-leaves,
Or by the forest spring?

Its fur is red, like the red chestnut,
And it is small and slim;
It leads a life most innocent,
Within the forest dim.

'T is a timid, gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight:
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright.

It makes its bed of soft, dry moss,
In a hole that's deep and strong;
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing;
And it waketh to its summer life,
When the nightingale is singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel plays;
The wood-mouse plays below;
And plenty of food he finds for himself
Where the beech and chestnut grow.

He sits in the hedge-sparrow's nest,
When its summer brood is fled;
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn over head.

And I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon in his hall,
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
All under the forest-tree —

His dinner of chestnuts ripe and red ;
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there !
It did my spirit good
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that God regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small ;
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all.



THE DISSATISFIED ANGLER.



'M sorry they let me go down to
the brook ;

I'm sorry they gave me the line
and the hook ;

And wish I had staid at home with my book.

I'm sure it was no pleasure to see
That poor little, harmless, suffering thing
Silently writhe at the end of the string,
Or to hold the pole, while I felt him swing
In torture — and all for me !

'T was a beautiful speckled and glossy trout ;
And when from the water I drew him out,
On the grassy bank as he flounder'd about,
 It made me shivering cold
To think I had caused so much needless
 pain ;
And I tried to relieve him, but all in vain ;
Oh, never, as long I live, again
 May I such a sight behold !

Oh, what would I give, once more to see
The brisk little swimmer alive and free ;
And darting about as he used to be,
 Unhurt in his native brook !
'T is strange that people can love to play
By taking innocent lives away !
I wish I had staid at home to-day
 With sister, and read my book.



THE CAPTIVE BLUEBIRD.



SWEET little mistress, let me go,
And I'll smooth the feathers on my
brow,

And sing you a song so sweet and clear
That you'll be glad to stop and hear.

Indeed, you know not what you do :
I'll tell you all, and tell you true ;
I've left some young ones on a tree,
In a soft nest : there are one, two, three.

'T is two hours now since Billy was fed ;
And little Dick, he hangs his head ;
Sweet Katy wonders where I'm gone,
And the poor things are all alone.

Perhaps some cat, in prowling round,
Will see and seize them at a bound ;
The cruel pussy I might scare
With my shrill note, if I were there.

Ah me ! no more at early morn
Shall I rest my foot on the stooping thorn,
And pour the song from my soft breast,
While my dear young ones are at rest.

No more shall I with eager bill
Snatch up the worm from off the hill,
And no more hear the trembling cry
That welcomes me when I draw nigh.

But my sad notes have touch'd your heart,
Your open hand bids me depart :
Blessings on thee, my mistress dear,
My darlings have no more to fear.



THE LOST BOY.



HE little boy wander'd away,
Nor thought what might betide
him,

For he loved to ramble and play,
With his faithful dog beside him :
The flowers were gay, the trees were green,
A pleasanter day never was seen,
The birds were singing on every spray,
As if they would flatter the boy away,
When he'd none but his dog to guide him.

They rambled, rambled on,
The boy and dog together ;

In many a pleasant path they ran,
Nor knew nor heeded whither :
But the sun has set, and a storm seems near,
And the poor little boy is pale with fear ;
He thought the old trees grew dark and tall,
And as he ran you might hear him call,
“ O mother, do come hither ! ”

His mother is all alone,
And sadly, sadly weeping ;
The father to seek his son has gone,
And how can she think of sleeping ?
She watches the clock, she watches the skies,
“ Oh, where is my poor little boy ? ” she cries ;
“ Oh, where will he pillow his little head ?
And where can he find a shelter'd bed,
When the storm in its wrath is sweeping ? ”

The morning is fresh and fair,
There 's silver dew on the blossom,
The mother, she sits in her easy chair,
With her little boy on her bosom :
“ O mother, dear mother, don't weep, I pray,
For never again will I ramble away —
I'll remember to ask, if I wish to go : ”
And each little boy must remember it too,
Lest his mother should grieve to lose him.

THE LITTLE BOY.



SEE me—I am a little boy,
Who loves to go to school;
And though I am not very old,
I'll prove I learn at school.

For I can count one, two, three, four;
Say one and two make three;
Take one away, then two remain,
As you may plainly see.

Twice one are two, twice two are four,
And six is three times two;
Twice four are eight, twice five are ten;
And more than this I do:

For I have learn'd some little songs
About the dog and cat;
And sing them very sweetly, too,
And to beat time I pat.

I know that A does stand for Ape,
For Apple, and for All;
That B does for a Bottle stand,
A Baker, and a Ball.


C stands for Cake, and Cooper too,
D for my pretty Dog;
E Eagle is, our country's arms;
And F, it stands for Frog.

I know there are two sorts of things:
One sees, and feels, and loves;
The other only stands stock-still,
Nor hears, nor sees, nor moves.

But, better still, I learn that God
Made all things that I see;
He made the earth, he made the sky,
And he made you and me.



POLITENESS.

OOD boys and girls will never say,
"I will!" and "Give me these!"
Oh, no; that never is the way,
But, "Mother, if you please."

And "If you please," to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,
And "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

LITTLE PUSSY.



LOVE little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food,
And pussy will love me,
Because I am gentle and good.



THE PET GOAT.



FLOWERY chaplet wreathes her
head,
While innocence and love,
That in her breast their home have made,
Have brighter garlands wove.

The goat and dog are all her care,
When shine the sunny hours,
And with her loved companions there
She plays among the flowers.


The goat's rough head and branching horns
She decks with streamers gay,
And many a pendent flower adorns
His flowing beard of gray.

But better far he loves the crumbs
Her little hand bestows,
And runs to meet her when she comes,
And sorrows when she goes.

The dog springs up and barks for joy
With pretty Jane to rove ;
And views the goat with jealous eye,
A rival for her love.



THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

 HERE'S a poor beggar going by;
I see her looking in:
She's just about as big as I,
Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,
She is so very poor;
And hardly anything to eat;
I pity her, I'm sure.

But I have got nice clothes, you know,
And meat, and bread, and fire;
And dear mamma, that loves me so;
And all that I desire.

If I were forced to stroll so far,
Oh, dear, what should I do?
I wish she had a kind mamma,
Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,
And hold that ragged hat,
And I will put a penny in:
There, buy some bread with that.

OF WHAT ARE YOUR CLOTHES MADE?



COME here to mamma, and I'll tell
you, dear boy —

For I think you never have guess'd—
How many poor animals we must employ
Before little George can be dress'd.

The pretty sheep gives us the wool from
his sides

To make you a jacket to use ;

The goat or the calf must be stripp'd of
their hides

To give you these nice little shoes.

And then the shy beaver contributes his
share,

With the rabbit, to give you a hat,

For this must be made of their delicate hair ;

And so you may thank them for that.

All these I have mention'd, and many more
too,

Each willingly gives us a share ;

One sends us a hat, and another a shoe,

That we may have plenty to wear.

Then as the poor creatures thus suffer to
give

So much for the comfort of man,
I think 't is but right that as long as they
live

We should treat them as kind as we can.

THE RAGMAN.



ING-A-LING, ding, ding,
I hear the bell ring!
The ragman is at the door;

He asks for trash,
And gives us cash,
And with that we can help the poor.

So I'll make some bags
To save all the rags
That are scatter'd about the floor;
For mother has said
That every thread
Will help to buy food for the poor.

They are nothing to us,
And it saves the muss

To pick them up from the floor ;
And we must do all,
Though ever so small,
That we can to help the poor.



THE TURTLE-DOVES.



VERY high in the pine-tree
The little turtle-dove
Made a pretty little nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turn'd to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo," said the turtle-dove ;
"Coo," said she ;
"Oh, I love thee," said the turtle-dove ;
"And I love thee."
In the long, shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree,
How happy were the doves
In their little nursery !

The young turtle-doves
Never quarrell'd in the nest;
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best.
"Coo," said the little doves,
"Coo," said she,
And they play'd together kindly,
In the dark pine-tree.

Is this nursery of yours,
Little sister, little brother,
Like the turtle-doves' nest —
Do you love one another?
Are you kind, are you gentle,
As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
Is your own nursery.



SENT TO BED.



WAS N'T a particle sleepy,
And yet here I lie, all the same,
Sent straight off to bed when the
clock struck nine;
I think it's a terrible shame!

Mamma is unfair in her treatment —
There is n't a doubt of that truth ;
Ruth Jones can sit up quite as late as she
wants,
Oh, dear ! how I do envy Ruth !
They were all so gay in the parlor ;
Aunt Gertrude was singing a song,
And Uncle Joe just was commencing to tell
That story he's promised so long !

And brother Will, home from vacation,
Was full of such capers and fun !
Mamma might have alter'd that hard rule
of hers
For one night, if *only* for one.
But no ; as the clock began striking,
I happen'd to catch mamma's eye ;
She first look'd at me, then she look'd at the
clock ;
'T was easy to understand why.

And now I lie here in the darkness,
And silence, so solemn and deep,
And—well, I am drowsy the least little bit :
There's nothing to do except sleep !

THE BEST WAY FOR MOLLY TO BE
HAPPY.



HE said, "I should like to be happy
to-day,
If I could but tell which was the
easiest way ;

But then I don't know any pretty new play :

"And as to the old ones, why, which is the
best?

There's old blind-man's-buff, hide-and-seek,
and the rest —

Or pretending it's tea-time, when dollies are
dress'd.

"But no ; let me see : Now I've thought of
a way

Which would really, I think, be still better
than play ;

I'll try to be good, if I can, the whole day :

"Without any fretting or crying : oh, no,
For that makes me wretched wherever I go ;
And it would be a pity to spoil the day so.

"I don't choose to be such a baby, not I,
To be peevish and cross, and just ready to
cry;
And mamma will be pleased that at least I
should try."



THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.



LISTEN to the kitchen clock:
To itself it seems to talk;
From its place it cannot walk;
"Tick-tock — tick-tock,"
This is what it says.

"I'm a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I've stood for many a year,
Tick-tock — tick-tock,"
This is what it says.


"I'm a very active clock,
For I go while you're asleep,
Though you never take a peep:
Tick-tock — tick-tock,"
This is what it says.

"I'm a very truthful clock ;
People say, about the place,
Truth is written on my face :
Tick-tock — tick-tock,"
This is what it says.

What a talkative old clock !
Let us see what it will do
When the pointer reaches two :
" Ding-ding — tick-tock,"
This is what it does.



BEAUTY.

EAUTIFUL faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure
That lead to the mansion strong and sure.



THE MOON.



HO am I that shine so bright,
With my pretty yellow light
Peeping through your curtains gray?
Tell me, little girl, I pray.

When the sun is gone, I rise
In the clear and silent skies,
And a cloud or two do skim
Round about my silver rim.

All the little stars do seem
Hidden by my brighter beam;
And among them I do ride,
Like a queen in all her pride.

Then the reaper goes along,
Singing forth a merry song,
While I light the shaking leaves
And the yellow harvest sheaves.

MY LITTLE SISTER.



HAVE a little sister,
She's only two years old;
But she's a little darling,
And worth her weight in gold.

She often runs to kiss me,
When I'm at work or play,
Twining her arms about me
In such a pretty way.

And then she'll say so sweetly,
In innocence and joy,
"Tell me story, sister dear,
About the little boy."

Sometimes, when I am knitting,
She'll pull my needles out,
And then she'll skip and dance around,
With such a merry shout.

It makes me laugh to see her;
Though I'm not very glad
To have her take my needles out,
And make my work so bad.

But then if I would have her
To see what she has done,
I must be very gentle
While telling her the wrong.




MY KITE.



H, look at my kite,
Almost out of sight!
How pretty it flies,
Right up to the skies!
Pretty kite, pretty kite,
Almost out of sight,
Pray, what do you spy
In the bright blue sky?




BUSY BEE.

OW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.



BE PLEASANT.

HEN little ones worry,
Their parents feel sorry,
And all who are near them feel sad;
But when they are good,
And smile as they should,
Their friends are contented and glad.
How much better it is to be cheerful and
sing,
Than to have to be call'd a cross little thing!

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.




CHERRIES are ripe,
Cherries are ripe!
Oh, give the baby one!
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But baby shall have none:
Babies are too young to choose,
Cherries are too sour to use;
But by-and-by,
Made in a pie,
No one will them refuse.

Up in the tree
Robin I see,
Picking, one by one;
Shaking his bill,
Getting his fill,
Down his throat they run:
Robins want no cherry pie —
Quick they eat and off they fly:
My little child,
Patient and mild,
Surely will not cry.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But we will let them fall;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But bad for babies small;
Gladly follow mother's will;
Be obedient, kind, and still;
Waiting awhile,
Delighted you'll smile,
And joyful eat your fill.



A THOUGHTLESS MAN.

 HERE came to my window,
One morning in spring,
A sweet little robin —
She came there to sing;
And the tune that she sang
Was prettier far
Than ever I heard
On the flute or guitar.

She raised her light wings
To soar far away,

Then resting a moment,
Seem'd sweetly to say:
"Oh, happy, how happy
This world seems to be!
Awake, little girl,
And be happy with me."

But just as she finish'd
Her beautiful song,
A thoughtless young man
With a gun came along.
He kill'd and he carried
My sweet bird away,
And she no more will sing
At the dawn of the day.



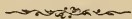
BIRDS IN THEIR NEST.



If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They will warble a song to me;
And then, if I'm sad,
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.



ROBIN REDBREAST.



WHEN the fields are white with snow,
And the frosty breezes blow,
Pretty Robin Redbreast comes
Watching for the children's crumbs.

Crimson breast and diamond eye,
In he hops, both bold and shy;
With a timid, gentle glance,
Eyes the children all askance.

Pretty Robin, dread no harm !
Start not off in vain alarm !
See, he picks the crumbs so sweet,
Grateful for the warm retreat.

WHY ?



TELL me, little vine-berries,
If I may be so bold,
Why are you reddest and rarest
'Neath the tree that is bent and old ?
And you, little downy spring blossoms,
And fair ferns, graceful and green,
Why do you cluster the sweetest
His gnarled old roots between ?
And mosses, O shining mosses,
With your caps of scarlet and gold !
Why do you stay with his lichens,
So wither'd and gray and old ?
They only clung closer and look'd very
wise
Out of their dewy-sweet woodland eyes.

But I came away home to the children,
Elsie, and Winnie, and Ned ;

And there was grandfather, surely,
With his dear and wise gray head,
With his face all laughing wrinkles,
And his voice one shout of glee ;
For high on his back rode Elsie,
And the others were climbing his knee.
Pictures and toys all forgotten,
And mother quite out of mind too,
I stood and smiled at the frolic,
And the wood-flowers' answer knew —
Green leaves and blossoms with dewdrops
pearl'd —
“Grandfather's grandfather all through the
world.”



THE SHADOWS.



HE candles are lighted, the fire blazes
bright ;
The curtains are drawn to keep out
the cold air :
“What makes you so grave, little darling,
to-night ?
And where is your smile, little quiet one,
where ? ”

“Mamma, I see something so dark on the
wall ;

It moves up and down, and it looks very
strange ;

Sometimes it is large, and sometimes it is
small ;

Pray tell me what is it, and why does it
change ? ”

“It is only my shadow that puzzles you
so ;

And there is your own close beside it, my
love :

Now run round the room, it will go where
you go ;

When you sit 't will be still, when you rise
it will move.

“These wonderful shadows are caused by the
light,

From fire and from candles, upon us that
falls ;

Were we not sitting here, all that place would
be bright,

But the light can't shine through us, you
know, on the walls.

“And when you are out some fine day in the
sun,
I’ll take you where shadows of apple-trees
lie;
And houses, and cottages, too, every one
Casts a shade when the sun’s shining
bright in the sky.

“Now hold up your mouth, and give me a
sweet kiss —
Our shadows kiss too! don’t you see it
quite plain?”
“Oh, yes; and I thank you for telling me
this:
I’ll not be afraid of a shadow again.”



KITTY AND MOUSIE.



ONCE there was a little kitty,
White as the snow;
In a barn she used to play,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;

For she heard the kitty near her,
Long time ago.

Four paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as dough,
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
When they bit the little mousie,
Mousie cried, "Oh!"



THE WIND.



AM the wind,
And I come very fast;
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.


Sometimes I am soft
As a sweet, gentle child;
I play with the flowers,
Am quiet and mild.

And then out so loud
All at once I can roar;
If you wish to be quiet,
Close window and door.

I am the wind,
And I come very fast;
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

INGLE, jingle go the bells!
A right good time have we;
Over the valleys, and over the hills,
Dear grandmamma to see.

The day is bright, and away we go
As swift as swift can be,
Over the smoothly trodden snow,
Dear grandmamma to see.

And look, do look! for there she stands,
Aunt Mary by her side,

To welcome us with outstretch'd hands,
After our pleasant ride.

And there is George, and Carlo too,
For they heard the telltale bells,
As over the shining road we flew,
And down the slippery hills.



THE COW.



HANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat;
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.



ON'T kill the birds, the little birds
That sing about the door
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds, how sweet they sing!
Oh, let them joyous live;
And do not seek to take their life,
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds
That play among the trees;
'T would make the earth a cheerless place
To see no more of these.

The little birds, how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds
That cheer the field and grove;
Such harmless things to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

THE CLUCKING HEN.



ILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the clucking hen,
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs —
I cannot walk with you.

"Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck,"
Said the clucking hen;
"My little chicks will soon be hatch'd —
I'll think about it then."


The clucking hen sat on her nest —
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropp'd the chickens small:
"Cluck," said the clucking hen,
"Now I have you all.

“Come along, my little chicks,
I’ll take a walk with you.”
“Halloa,” said the barn-door cock,
“Cock-a-doodle-doo!”



THE TORN DOLL.

 KATY, my dear,
Come here, come here;
I’ve a short tale for you to hear.

Upon the floor,
Behind the door,
This morn I found a dolly poor.

Once she was new,
And pretty too,
With cloak and hat, and frock and shoe.

But oh, dear me!
A sight to see
Has that same dolly come to be.

Her clothes all worn,
And soil’d and torn:
Alas! alas! she looks forlorn.

I wonder who
Has made her so?
Why, Katy dear, can it be you?



TRUSTY LEARNING TO READ.




OME hither, good Trusty;
See how still you can be,
For I've come to teach you
Your A, B, C.

"Brother says you can't learn,
And father says it may be,
Though you never will read,
You may bark A, B, C.

"Now, good Trusty, attend;
Let us show them that we
Can learn, if we please,
Our A, B, C."

To what little Kate said,
Trusty seem'd to agree;
Do you think he learn'd much
Of his A, B, C?

THE SLED-RIDE.


OWN, down the hill, how swift I go
Over the ice and over the snow!
A horse or cart I do not fear,
For past them both my sled I steer.

Hurrah, my boy! I'm going down,
While you toil up; but never frown:
The far hilltop you soon will gain,
And then with all your might and main

You'll dash by me; while, full of glee,
I'll up again, to dash by thee:
So on we glide, oh, life of joy!
What pleasure has the little boy!



THE CHORUS OF FROGS.

AUP, yaup, yaup,"
Said the croaking voice of a frog;
"A rainy day
In the month of May,
And plenty of room in the bog.

“Yaup, yaup, yaup,”
Said the frog, as he piped away ;
“The insects feed
On the floating weed,
And I’m hungry for dinner to-day.

“Yaup, yaup, yaup,”
Said the frog, as it splash’d about ;
“Good neighbors all,
When you hear me call,
It is odd you do not come out.

“Yaup, yaup, yaup,”
Said the frogs ; “it is charming weather :
We’ll come and sup
When the moon is up,
And we’ll all of us croak together.”



LITTLE BROWN BETTY.



LITTLE Brown Betty,
Where goest thou?"
"In the green meadow
To milk my brown cow."

"Shall I go with thee?"

"No, not now:
Stay till I call thee;
Then come thou."



MY BABY BROTHER.



M, dear mamma, where are you
gone?
Come, see the baby stand alone;
And only think — indeed, 't is truth —
I can just feel a little tooth!

"Look at his pretty shining hair,
His cheeks so red, his skin so fair;
His curly ringlets, just like flax;
His little bosom, just like wax.

“ Oh, how I long till he can walk !
And then I'll long till he can talk ;
And then I'll long till he can play,
When we have said our tasks each day.

“ I think he's growing very wise ;
Now don't you think so ? ” Julia cries :
Then to the cradle off she ran,
To kiss the little baby-man.



LEARNING TO GO ALONE.



COME, my darling, come away ;
Take a pretty walk to-day ;
Run along, and never fear ;
I'll take care of baby dear.

Up and down with little feet,
That's the way to walk, my sweet ;
Now it is so very near,
Soon she'll get to mother dear.

There she comes along at last ;
Here's my finger, hold it fast :
Now one pretty little kiss,
After such a walk as this.

ELLIE'S CANARY.



'VE got a bright Canary,
A little yellow bird;
He sings the sweetest songs,
I'm sure, you ever heard.

I call him Billy Buttercup,
Because he is so yellow;
His eyes look just like two black beads;
He's a cunning little fellow.

He's singing in the morning,
Before we are awake;
He dearly loves a sugar lump,
Or bit of nice sponge-cake.

I deck his cage with chickweed,
When sunny is the day:
Sometimes he is so sleepy
He hides his head away

Beneath his yellow, downy wings,
Safe from the dazzling light;
He never likes to have the sun
Shine in his black eyes bright.

He dearly loves to bathe himself
In water cool and clear:
Oh, how he scatters pearls about,
Bill Buttercup so dear!

At eve he smooths his feathers,
And shakes his ruffled wings,
Then, jumping on his sleeping-perch,
His evening song he sings.

Then tucks his little head away
Under his feathers bright;
I s'pose he says his little prayer,
And sleeps the livelong night.



VERY LITTLE THINGS.



VERY little things are we:
Oh, how mild we all should be;
Never quarrel, never fight;
That would be a shocking sight.

Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams,
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play.

GOOD MOOLY COW.



COME, supper is ready ;
Come, boys and girls, now,
For here is fresh milk
From the good mooly cow.

Have done with your fife
And your row-de-dow-dow,
And take this good milk
From the good mooly cow.

Whoever is fretting
Must clear up his brow,
Or he'll have no milk
From the good mooly cow.

And here is Miss Pussy,
She means by "mee-ow,"
"Give me, too, some milk
From the good mooly cow."

When children are hungry,
Oh, who can tell how
They love the fresh milk
From the good mooly cow !

So when you meet mooly,
Please say, with a bow,
"Thank you for your milk,
Mrs. Good Mooly-Cow."



LITTLE NANNIE.



AWN-FOOTED Nannie,
Where have you been?
"Chasing the sunbeams
Into the glen;
Plunging through silver lakes
After the moon,
Tracking o'er meadows
The footsteps of June."

Sunny-eyed Nannie,
What did you see?
"Saw the fays sewing
Green leaves on a tree;
Saw the waves counting
The eyes of the stars;
Saw cloud-lambs sleeping
By sunset's red bars."

Listening Nannie,
What did you hear?
“Heard the rain asking
A rose to appear;
Heard the woods tell
When the wind whistled wrong;
Heard the stream flow
Where the bird drinks his song.”

Nannie, dear Nannie,
Oh, take me with you,
To run and to listen
And see as you do!
“Nay, nay, you must borrow
My ear and my eye,
Or the beauty will vanish,
The music will die.”



THE GOLDEN RULE.



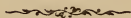
O do to all men as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me kind, and just, and
good—
And so I try to be.

GOOD THOUGHTS.



MUST not speak a naughty word,
I must not tell a lie ;
I must not contradict and make
My little brother cry.

And if I have a piece of cake,
When I with children play,
I must not eat it all myself,
But give a part away.



GOOD-NIGHT SONG.



O bed, to bed, my curly-head,
To bed, and sleep so sweetly ;
Merry and bright, with the morning
light,
Be up, and dress'd so neatly.

Then for a walk, and a pleasant talk
About the birds and flowers ;
And all the day, in work and play
We'll pass the happy hours.

And then to bed, to rest the head
And sleep until the morrow:
May every day thus glide away,
Without a shade of sorrow.



RUN AND PLAY.



HERE, run away, you little thing,
And skip, and jump, and play;
You have been quiet long enough,
So run away, I say.

John, you and Mary roll your hoops,
George on a stick can ride;
And Ann with Charlotte run a race,
Or any play beside.

The sweet, fresh air so softly blows,
So brightly shines the sun,
That active limbs and rosy cheeks
Will in the race be won.

For little boys and girls may sing,
And frisk, and jump, and play,
When work and lessons both are done;
So run away, I say.

MY LITTLE SISTER.



MOTHER, look at baby!

See how she jumps and crows:

That 't is her little sister,

I really think she knows.

And do you think she loves me,

And wants me by her side,

To gather up her playthings,

And teach her how to ride;

And place her in her cradle,

When she wants to go to sleep,

To rock it softly when she stirs,

And by its side to keep?

I'm sure I love her dearly;

And hope that she will me,

When she comes to know more clearly

How dear she is to me.


And every night to God I'll pray,

When I can feel him near,


To make me worthy of the love

Of my baby dear.


GOOD NIGHT!

 ABY, baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed;
Shut your eye-peeps—now the day
And the light are gone away:
All the clothes are tuck'd in tight;
Little baby dear, good night!

MORNING.

 ABY, baby, ope your eye,
For the sun is in the sky;
And he's peeping once again
Through the clear bright window-pane:
Little baby, do not keep
Any longer fast asleep.

ROBIN IN WINTER.

 HE little Robin grieves
When the snow is on the ground;
For the trees have no leaves,
And no berries can be found.

The air is cold, the worms are hid:
For Robin here what can be done?
Let's strew around some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till snow is gone.



TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.



WINKLE, twinkle, little star:
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

POOR ROBIN.



NE winter's day the wind blew high,
And fast came down the snow :
A robin, much too weak to fly,
Hopp'd in the yard below.

Jane threw him crumbs, and from that day
Her welcome guest he's been ;
And often, when the children play,
Sweet little Bob is seen.



LITTLE BIRD! LITTLE BIRD!



ITTLE bird! little bird! come to me :
Here is a green cage hung on the
tree ;

Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I dearly love the free broad air ;
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree
Is better than golden cage for me."

“ Little bird ! little bird ! where wilt thou go
When the fields are all buried in snow ?
The ice will cover your old oak-tree ;
You had better come and stay with me.”

“ Nay, little maiden ; away I ’ll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky ;
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You will hear my merry song again.”

“ Little bird ! little bird ! who ’ll guide thee
Over the hill and over the sea ?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay,
For I ’m very sure you ’ll lose your way.”

“ Ah ; no, little maiden ! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea ;
I will be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere.”



THE KITTEN'S FIRST LESSON.



OMMY, I found you, yesternight,
Mewing outside the door,
Looking as if you'd wanted meat
For a long week or more.

I took you in beside the fire,
And gave you lots of food ;
And we shall be the best of friends,
If you are very good.

Now, Tommy, listen carefully
To what I've got to say —
Don't let me have to say the same
To you another day.

I've got a lot of pets, that you
Must tenderly regard ;
There are my ducklings and my chicks,
That run about the yard.

Don't touch my pigeons, and don't go
Too near my rabbit-hutch ;
Don't frighten my Canary bird,
For I love Dicky much .

It was my brother Robert's bird —
I got it when he died!
When Dicky sings, I almost feel
My brother at my side.

Don't quarrel with the neighbors' cats —
They'll tear your coat of silk:
And now this lesson, Tom, is done —
Jump down, and take your milk.



THE SISTER'S HYMN.

ABOUT A VERY LITTLE BROTHER, WHO WENT
AWAY TO LIVE WITH THE ANGELS.



BROTHER James was a charming
boy,
Loving, and full of glee —
It always fill'd our hearts with joy
His happy face to see.

He was so funny, yet so mild,
In all his infant plays —
I never saw a little child
That had such winning ways.

I used to say, "The little birds
Do in their nests agree;"
And that he understood the words
Was plain as it could be.

For sometimes, if he chanced to fret,
He'd nestle close to me,
And, sorry for his little pet,
Would kiss, and lisp, "Gee, gee!"

Oh, how he loved to run about,
And gather the spring posies!
He would have raised a merry shout
To see the great red roses!

But his dear little spirit was gone,
Ere the buds began to blow:
I wish he could have seen just one;
It would have pleased him so.

But father says he's gone away
Where there are brighter flowers,
And little angels with him play
Through all the pleasant hours.

Sweetly his little laughing voice
Sounds in the balmy air,

And many little babes rejoice
To see my brother there.

And when he falls asleep at even,
His dreams are bright and fair ;
His spirit feels at home in heaven,
And thinks we're with him there.



THE WORK-BAG.



COME here—I've got a piece of rag
To make you such a pretty bag !
Indeed, you will not often see
So nice a bag as this shall be.

And when it's done, I'll show you, too,
The other things I have for you :
This book, to put your needles in ;
And that you know 's a pin-cushion.

And then you need not lose a minute ;
But if you always keep them in it,
You never more will need to say,
“ I wonder where they're hid away ?

“ Pray, somebody, do try and look —
My thimble’s lost, and needle-book ; ”
But then the pleasant sound shall be,
“ They’re in my work-bag — I shall see.”



A NURSERY SONG.



WENT to the yard, and saw the old
hen,
Go clucking about with her chickens
ten :

She cluck’d and she scratch’d, and she bris-
tled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen
say ?

I heard her say, “ The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars,
if you please,

But you never will find ten such chickens as
these.

The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her
lamb,

But they do not know what a proud mother
I am ;

For lambs nor for kittens I won't part with
these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go
down on their knees :
No! no! not though
The kittens could crow,
Or the lambie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darlings! my sweet little
things,
Come nestle now cosily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather-
bed;
And there let them sleep in their feathers so
warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my
arm.

THE TWO LITTLE ROBINS.



TWO little robins set out, one day,
To go to housekeeping over the
way :
In a great big tree they built their nest;
One flew east, and another flew west,

Gathering sticks, and grass, and hay,
And bringing them all "just over the way."
They chirp'd and twitter'd, and hopp'd about
From limb to limb: they were seeking out
On all the branches, both low and high,
A place where the leaves would keep them
dry;

And very soon the right spot was found,
On the fork of a limb, with leaves all around.
Then each brought a stick in its little bill,
And then another, and so on, until
The little nest began to look
Just as you see this one in the book.

Then they flew to a post, where "our cow"
rubbed her back,
And pick'd off the hair, and began to pack,
Layer after layer, the cosey nest,
Till it look'd very snug, it must be confess'd.
There never were two robins went to sleep
In a prettier house than theirs to keep.
And after a while, little robins were seen
Poking up their heads 'mong the leaves so
green.

Cock and hen flew back and forth,
East and west, and south and north,
Gathering worms, and bugs, and seeds,
And everything else on which a bird feeds.

At last they grew quite stout and big,
And hopp'd from the nest to the little twig;
They bow'd their heads, and tipp'd their tails,
And spread their tiny wings like sails,
And flutter'd off, and back again.
But in two or three days I look'd in vain,
For the little robins had flown away,
Because they were much too big to stay
At home under father's and mother's wing.
I look'd at the hen, and alas! poor thing,
She seem'd lonely enough, though she made
no moan;
And I thought, Mistress Robin, you're not
alone,
For there's many a heart in the human
breast,
That mourns, like you, o'er an empty nest.



THE MOUSE-TRAP.



ILLY little mice,
Not to see the trap!
Surely, in a trice
On their necks 'twill snap.

Better run away
Than wait to taste the cheese;
For if you longer stay,
You'll surely get a squeeze.



THE LITTLE CHILD'S GO-TO-BED SONG.



HE moon is high,
The azure sky
Is soft and clear;
The air is chill,
The night is still,
No sound we hear.

The evening star
That blinks afar
Is in the west;
And I must lay
My toys away,
And go to rest.

THE ROBINS.



TWO little robins made a nest —
'T was in the warm spring weather;
They built it out of sticks and straws,
And little bits of feather.

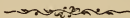
It was upon an apple-bough,
With blossoms all around it;
So neatly wove and fitted in,
That no one ever found it.

And there four little birds lay hid,
With nice green leaves to shade them,
And there they peep'd and flapp'd about,
And well the old one fed them.

And there these little robins grew,
Grew prettier and stronger:
They 're now so big they cannot stay
Within the nest much longer.

So I expect some pleasant day
The old ones will be trying
To teach these cunning little birds
The pretty art of flying.

And when they learn to fly along,
From one tree to another,
There 'll be a general burst of song
From all the birds together.



PLAYING AFTER SCHOOL.



OUT in the sunny grounds,
Behind the wall,
Are playing the children
"Bo-peep" and ball.

Deep in the dry dust
Sink the bare feet,
But water and towels
Will soon make them sweet.

Shouting and laughing,
Brimful of glee;
Playing together
Right merrily.

Hoop, swing, and marbles,
Swiftly they fly:
"Catch me," and "Tag last,"
And shouting "I spy."

Brilliant eyes, rosy cheeks,
Neck and arms bare;
Flowing all unrestrain'd
Ringlety hair.

Wishing the sinking sun
Would longer stay—
Wishing that life was
One long holiday.

Night shades are falling
O'er meadow and hill;
Soon will each light voice
In slumber be still.



COUNTRY SOUNDS.



HE wind is blowing;
The cows are lowing;
The brook is babbling;
The geese are gabbling;
The mule is braying;
The horse is neighing;
The sheep is baaing;
The boys ha-ha-ing;

The birds are singing ;
The bells are ringing ;
The cart-wheels squeaking ;
The barn-door creaking ;
And John is sawing ;
Willie hurrahing ;
The peacock screeching ;
And Carrie teaching
Three little boys
Amid all the noise.



GROWLER.



O, naughty Growler, get away !

You shall not have a bit :

Now, when I speak, how dare you
stay ?

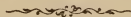
I can't spare any, sir, I say,
And so you need not sit."

Poor Growler ! do not make him go ;
But recollect before,
That he has never served you so ;
For you have given him a blow
That patiently he bore.

Poor Growler ! if he could but speak,
He 'd tell (as well he might)
How he would bear with many a freak,
And wag his tail, and look so meek,
And neither bark nor bite.

Upon his back he lets you ride
All round and round the yard ;
And now, while sitting by your side,
To have a bit of bread denied
Is really very hard.

And all your little tricks he 'll bear,
And never seem to mind ;
And yet you say you cannot spare
One bit of breakfast for his share,
Although he is so kind !



NEVER PUT OFF.



HENE'ER a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly *wish* it done :
Begin at once, and do it !

For sloth says falsely, "By-and-by
Is just as well to do it;"
But present strength is surest strength:
Begin at once, and do it!



PUTTING THE DOLLIES TO SLEEP.



HUT the door softly!
Quietly tread:
See! I am putting
My dollies to bed.

Carefully tuck'd away
Snug in their nest,
Dollies are ready
Now for their rest.

Oh, what a clatter
You manage to keep!
Hush! for I've got them now
Safely asleep.

Please to consider
What care I must take,
So that my dollies
Won't get awake.

None of your making fun !
None of your jokes !
Dollies must go to bed
Just like big folks.



THE MONKEY.

HERE is a monkey
Climbing the tree ;
He's full of mischief
As monkey can be.

He tears the apples
Off from the tree,
And then begins pelting
Johnny and me.



THE YOUNG KITTENS.



LOOK at the kittens
Having some fun :
If mother cat comes,
Oh, how they will run !

But when they grow old,
And get to be cats,
They leave off their play,
And go hunting rats.



THE LITTLE SHOE.



LAUGHING, and humming an idle
air,

I threw the drawer's contents
aside ;

Trifles of old days I scatter'd there,
And papers in haste untied.

Struck, as it were, by a random shot,
I felt an old wound bleed anew :
Carelessly seeking I knew not what,
I came on a little shoe.

Memory flash'd on me ; sadly sweet
Rang out the merry laugh of yore ;
Echo'd the beat of those tiny feet
That patter'd along the floor.

Chubby round face, so demure and wise,
Shone out with brow so angel-fair ;
Dreamy reflection of harebell eyes,
And halo of golden hair.

Pet names, and jokes of her infant play,
Struck on the heart with a sudden blow :
Life in the morn of one dreadful day,
And death ere the sun was low !

Poor little relic ! brief hour of sport !
What shame to me, if tears will fall ?
Spring-time of babyhood, oh, how short !
This poor little shoe — how small !



BIRDIE'S SONG.



IRDIE, birdie,
Up in the tree,
Why are you singing
So merrily ?


"I'm teaching my little
Birdies to sing;
And then we will make
All the woods ring."

Birdie, birdie,
What would you do,
Supposing the rain
Should fall on you?

"I should cover them up
With feathers so warm,
And then I could keep them
From every harm."



THE OWL.

ERE is an owl
With eyes so bright;
He sleeps all day,
And hoots all night.

He watches around,
To catch the mice;
He swallows them down,
And is off in a trice.

THE LITTLE CHILD.



'M a very little child,
Only just learn'd to speak ;
So I should be very mild,
Very obedient and meek.

Oh, what work can I do,
To repay ma for her care ?
For I cannot even sew,
Nor make anything to wear.

Oh, then, I will always try
To be very good and mild ;
Nevermore be cross and cry,
Like a fretful little child.

For sometimes I cry and fret,
And my dear mamma I tease ;
Or I vex her, while I sit
Playing pretty on her knees.

Oh, how can I serve her so,
Such a good mamma as this !
Round her neck my arms I'll throw,
And her gentle cheeks I'll kiss.

Then I'll tell her, that I will
Try not any more to fret her,
And, as I grow older still,
Try to show I love her better.



WINTER.



DO not like this heavy snow,
Nor the sharp winds that fiercely
blow,

So dreary and so chill.

The trees look naked, wild, and bare ;
The plants I rear'd with so much care,
The frost will surely kill.

"I cannot in the meadows play,
And pluck the fragrant hawthorn spray,
The woodbine, or the rose :
The cold my little feet benumbs,
Pinches my fingers and my thumbs,
And much annoys my nose.

"I wish that summer were not past ;
I wish it would forever last,

With all its warmth and bloom ;
Then I should not be forced to stay
The whole of this dark, dismal day
Within this gloomy room."

"My Mary, if the winter's gloom
Did not succeed the summer's bloom,
You soon would wish for change ;
'Tis winter's gloom which makes you prize
The summer flowers and cloudless skies,
When in the fields you range.

"God knows and grants what suits us best ;
Let us submit to *His* behest,
Who rules the day and night ;
The seasons in their course he guides ;
In this, and everything besides,
He orders what is right."



MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.



MAN very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray from his humble abode ;
Hot, thirsty, bemired,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by, and entreated his aid.
“Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted, to-night
I shall not reach home, I’m afraid.”

“Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,”
Said the cripple; “perhaps I may know it:
In my road it may be,
And if you’ll carry me,
It will give me much pleasure to show it.

“Great strength you have got,
Which, alas! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack
My pair shall be much at your service.”

Said the other poor man,
“What an excellent plan!
Pray get on my shoulders, good brother;
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another.”

JEMMY STRING.



HE KNEW a little heedless boy,
A child that seldom cared,
If he could get his cake and toy,
How other matters fared.

He always bore upon his foot
A signal of the thing
For which on him his playmates put
The name of Jemmy String.

No malice in his heart was there;
He had no fault beside
So great as that of wanting care
To keep his shoe-strings tied.

You'd often see him on the run,
To chase the geese about;
While both his shoe-ties were undone,
With one end slipping out.

He'd tread on one—then down he'd go;
And all around would ring
With bitter cries, and sounds of woe,
That came from Jemmy String.

And oft by such a sad mishap
Would Jemmy catch a hurt;
The muddy pool would catch his cap,
His clothes would catch the dirt.

Then home he'd hasten through the street,
To tell about his fall,
While on his little sloven feet
The cause was plain to all.

For while he shook his aching hand,
Complaining of the bruise,
The strings were trailing through the sand
From both his loosen'd shoes.

One day his father thought a ride
Would do his children good;
But Jemmy's shoe-strings were untied,
And on the stairs he stood.

In hastening down to take his place
Upon the carriage-seat,
Poor Jemmy lost his joyous face,
Nor could he keep his feet.

The dragging string had made him trip,
And bump! bump! went his head—

The teeth had struck and cut his lip;
And tears and blood were shed.

His aching wounds he meekly bore;
But with a swelling heart
He heard the carriage from the door
With all but him depart.

This grievous lesson taught him care,
And gave his mind a spring,
For he resolved no more to bear
The name of Jemmy String.



LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.



OLDEN-HAIR climb'd upon grand-
papa's knee!

Dear little Golden-hair, tired was
she,

All day as busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light;
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toy'd with the curls on her head :
"What has my darling been doing," he said,
"Since she arose with the sun from her
bed?"

"Pitty much," answer'd the sweet little one ;
"I cannot tell, so much things I have done —
Play'd with my dolly, and feeded my bun.

"And then I jump'd with my little jump-
rope,
And I made, out of some water and soap,
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"I afterward readed in my picture-book ;
And Bella and I, we went down to look
For the smooth little stones by the side of
the brook.

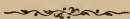
"And then I comed home, and eated my tea,
And I climb'd up on grandpapa's knee,
And I jis as tired as tired can be !"

Lower and lower the little head press'd,
Until it has dropp'd upon grandpapa's breast ;
Dear little Golden-hair, sweet be thy rest !

We are but children ; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view
That marks all our weakness, and pities it,
too.

God grant that, when night overshadows our
way,
And we shall be call'd to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Golden-hair's
lay.

And oh ! when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourself clasp'd to the Infinite breast.



SONG OF THE CRICKET.



'M snug and warm in this niche in
the wall,
And I'll sing all night while the
dewdrops fall,
And the moon shines bright through a crack
in the door,
Making a silver thread on the floor.
Chirrup, chirrup !

I wonder who sleeps in that pretty white
bed ?

Ah ! I see on the pillow a curly head,
And a dimpled hand, and little pink toes,
Peeping out from under the clothes.

Chirrup, chirrup !

There's Mrs. Spider across the room,
Weaving away at the web in her loom ;
She's very industrious, I won't deny,
But I would n't go near her — no, not I.

Chirrup, chirrup !

For she has a very eccentric way
Of hanging her visitors up, they say,
By a silken cord, just over the door,
That she always has ready the night before.

Chirrup, chirrup !

I see by the stars it is nearly dawn ;
Then I'll be having a hop on the lawn,
Where the new-cut grass is heap'd so high,
I'm very sure it touches the sky.

Chirrup, chirrup !

And then to smell it, oh, what a treat !
The fragrance of flowers is not more sweet ;

Then I'll be off to the fields for a morning
 sip,
With my neighbor Brown, who lives under a
 chip.

Chirrup, chirrup!

A pleasant and sociable fellow is he,
And often invites his neighbors to tea;
Then I'll brush my coat, and my imperial
 trim
By a drop of dew on the rose's limb.

Chirrup, chirrup!

Then with Mrs. Grasshopper I think I'll
 dine;
Her melons and fruit are deliciously fine,
And I'm always welcome, I very well know;
We're distant relations — she told me so.

Chirrup, chirrup!

And when the firefly lights his lamp,
And the evening air gets chilly and damp,
I'll back to this cosey seat under the shelf:
Ah! can't a fellow enjoy himself?

Chirrup, chirrup!

LITTLE MOMENTS.



LITTLE moments, how they fly!
Golden-wingèd, flitting by,
Bearing many things for me
Into vast eternity!

Never do they wait to ask
If completed is my task,
Whether gathering grain or weeds,
Doing good or evil deeds:
Onward haste they evermore,
Adding all unto their store!

And the little moments keep
Record if we wake or sleep,
Of our every thought or deed,
For us all some time to read.

Artists are the moments, too,
Ever painting something new;
On the walls and in the air
Painting pictures everywhere!

If we smile, or if we frown,
Little moments put it down;
And the angel, Memory,
Guards the whole eternally!

Let us then so careful be
That they bear for you and me
On their little noiseless wings
Only good and pleasant things;
And that pictures which they paint
Have no background of complaint;
So the angel, Memory,
May not blush for you and me!



TU-WEET, TU-WEE.



LITTLE bird sat on the fence :

“Tu-weet, tu-weet, tu-wee!

I’ll take my dinner at your expense,”

Said the little bird to me.

He cock’d his head to the hither side —

“Tu-weet, tu-weet, tu-wee!”

And open’d both eyes very wide,

That he might better see.

He spied a crumb on the window-sill :

“Tu-weet, tu-weet, tu-wee!”

He pick’d it up in his little bill,

But he kept one eye on me.

He made his feast on the little crumb;
 "Tu-weet, tu-weet, tu-wee!"
He wiped his bill, and flew off home,
 But never said "Thanks" to me.



THE WATER-MILL.



ANY grist for the mill?"

How merrily it goes!

Flap, flap, flap, flap,

While the water flows;

Round about and round about

The heavy mill-stones grind,

And the dust flies all about the mill,

And makes the miller blind.

"Any grist for the mill?"

The jolly farmer packs

His wagon with a heavy load

Of very heavy sacks.

Noisily, oh, noisily

The mill-stones turn about;

You cannot make the miller hear,

Unless you scream and shout.

“Any grist for the mill?”

The bakers come and go,
They bring their empty sacks to fill,
And leave them down below.
The dusty miller and his men
Fill all the sacks they bring;
And while they go about their work,
Right merrily they sing.

“Any grist for the mill?”

How quickly it goes around!
Splash, splash, splash, splash,
With a whirring sound.
Farmers, bring your corn to-day;
And bakers, buy your flour;
Dusty millers, work away,
While it is in your power.

“Any grist for the mill?”

Alas! it will not go;
The river, too, is standing still,
The ground is white with snow.
And when the frosty weather comes,
And freezes up the streams,
The miller only hears the mill
And grinds the corn in dreams.

Living close beside the mill,
The miller's girls and boys
Always play at make-believe,
Because they have no toys.
"Any grist for our mill?"

The elder brothers shout,
While all the little petticoats
Go whirling round about.

The miller's little boys and girls
Rejoice to see the snow;
"Good father, play with us to-day;
You cannot work, you know;
We will be the mill-stones,
And you shall be the wheel;
We'll pelt each other with the snow,
And it shall be the meal."

Oh, heartily the miller's wife
Is laughing at the door;
She never saw the mill work'd
So merrily before.
"Bravely done, my little lads!
Rouse up the lazy wheel,
For money comes but slowly in,
When snowflakes are the meal."

THE SAIL-BOAT.



H, see my boat, my pretty boat,
How fine she spreads her sail!
Ah, see how swift she glides along,
Before the gentle gale!

O sister, come! oh, come and see
My little gallant boat;
It is as fine and proud a ship
As ever was afloat.



THE ROBIN AND THE CHERRIES.



YOU are a little thief," I said,
To Robin Redbreast, blithe and
fat;

"You stole my cherries ripe and red;
Now, what have you to say to that?"

In songful speech he sweetly said,
His bosom glowing like the morn:
"I take my pay in cherries red,
For working in your vines and corn.

“My sweetest strains I sing to you,”
He said, in music low and soft;
And then his brown wings shook the dew
In showers from his green organ-loft.

Like tears the dew fell, and I said,
Between the pauses of his strain,
“Sweet Robin, eat my cherries red;
I will not call you thief again.”

Now, every year, when spring returns,
He perches on the topmost bough,
And there his tinted bosom burns
With songs of cheer that speed the plough.

The robin is my prince of pets;
I wish him joy, and length of days;
He more than pays for all he gets,
In honest toil, and hymns of praise.

Under the porch above the door,
Unharm'd, he builds his cabin nest,
And there his callow nestlings four
Are shelter'd under his red breast.



THE MICE.



THE mice are in their holes,
And there they hide by day ;
But when 't is still at night,
They all come out to play.

They climb upon the shelves,
And taste of all they please ;
They drink the milk and cream,
And eat the bread and cheese.

But if they hear the cat,
At once they stop their fun ;
In fright they seek their holes,
As fast as they can run.



THE VOYAGE IN THE ARM-CHAIR.



PA ! dear papa ! we 've had such a
fine game ;

We play'd at a sail on the sea ;
The old arm-chair made such a beautiful ship,
And it sail'd — oh, as nice as could be.

We made Mary the captain, and Rob was the
boy
Who cried, "Ease her," "Back her," and
"Slow,"
And Jane was the steersman, who stands at
the wheel,
And I watch'd the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandma's cat,
And as Tom could n't pay, he went free;
From the fireside we sail'd at half-past two
o'clock,
And we got to the sideboard at three.

But, oh! only think, dear papa, when half-
way,
Tom overboard jump'd to the floor;
And though we cried out, "Tom, come back,
don't be drown'd,"
He gallop'd right out at the door.

But pa, dear papa, listen one moment more,
Till I tell you the end of our sail;
From the sideboard we went at five minutes
past three,
And at four o'clock saw such a whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa,
Is at least twice as large as our ship;
Our captain call'd out, "Turn the ship round
about!

Oh, I wish we had not come this trip."

And we all cried, "Oh, yes, let us get away
home,


And hide in some corner quite snug."

So we sail'd for the fireside as quick as we
could,

And landed all safe on the rug.



LITTLE FINGERS.

USY little fingers,
Everywhere they go;
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know.

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding.

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous-looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a scolding.

Darling little fingers,
Never, never still;
Make them, Heavenly Father,
One day do thy will.



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE SHEEP.



LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night:
Everything can something do;
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;

Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

"True, it seems a pleasant thing,
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass!
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat on wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."



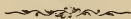
LITTLE MARY GOING TO SCHOOL.



MOTHER, may I go to school
With brother Charles to-day?
The air is very soft and cool;
Do, mother, say I may."

"Well, little Mary, you may go,
If you will be quite still;
'Tis wrong to make a noise, you know;
I do not think you will."

"Yes, mother, I will try and be,
Oh, very good indeed!
I'll take the book you gave to me,
And all the letters read."



BABY AND MAMMA.



HAT a little thing am I!
Hardly higher than the table;
I can eat, and play, and cry,
But to work I am not able.

Nothing in the world I know,
But mamma will try and show me;
Sweet mamma, I love her so,
She's so very kind unto me.

And she sets me on her knee,
Very often, for some kisses;
Oh, how good I'll try to be,
For such a dear mamma as this is!

RIDE AWAY, RIDE.



RIDE away, ride away, ride!

Away to the market we go,
Placed snugly the basket beside,
With chickens set all in a row.

The sheep in the field that we see
May stare at our carriage so fine,
But there is not a lamb on the lea
With a heart so delighted as thine.

Though lofty the gentlefolks ride,
With horses that canter and neigh,
Far safer and smoother we glide,
And gather sweet flowers on the way.

The higher they caper and bound,
The farther they sink when they fall;
But riding so near to the ground,
The wheel-barrow's safest of all.

Ride away, ride away, ride!

We'll pull off the sweet-blooming thorn,
And daisies that deck the wayside,
For garlands, when home we return.

GARDEN CONVERSATION.

ANN AND HER GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER.



TAKE care, take care, my pretty maid,
And do not heedless tread,
Lest you that little worm destroy,
That lies in its soft bed.

ANN.

O grandpa, let me kill it now ;
It is a naughty worm ;
For it may soon much bigger grow,
And then may do me harm.

GRANDFATHER.

It is a harmless little thing,
So let it peaceful lie ;
It soon will mount upon the wing,
And round the garden fly.

ANN.

Oh, no, grandpa, it cannot fly,
The creature has no wings ;
It will not hurt a worm to die,
'T is such an ugly thing.

GRANDFATHER.

Hush, hush, my child ; the God that made
Both you and me, made it ;
His wondrous skill and goodness form'd
All things as He saw fit.

ANN.

Grandpa, what did He make them for ?
They cannot work or sing :
They are not fit for any use,
Nor good for anything.

GRANDFATHER.

Yes, all that God has made is good,
Though you its use don't know :
This worm can work ; 't is food for birds,
So let it live and grow.
Another time I'll tell you more
Of what this worm can do,
And how it may lay up in store
Some useful thing for you.

GRANDFATHER, (*a few days after.*)

Has Annie been a quiet child,
And wash'd, and comb'd her hair ?
Then she shall go, this morning mild,
And take the garden air.

ANN.

O grandpa, see that pretty thing,
That sits upon the spray!
How bright its little spotted wing!
Oh, see! it flies away!

GRANDFATHER.

Yes, Ann; and see that butterfly,
That flutters round so gay;
And do you wish it now to die?
You did, the other day.

ANN.

I don't remember that I wish'd
This pretty bird were dead;
I'm sure it must be innocent;
I wish it may be fed.

GRANDFATHER.

You call'd it naughty, ugly worm —
This is the very same;
But now it has another shape,
As well as other name;
It spun, and wound a little ball
Of silk so soft and fine;

That it would help to make a dress
For you and Caroline.
Now learn, dear Ann, and don't despise
What you can't understand ;
Remember, 't was our Father, God,
That form'd them by his hand.
The changes that they undergo,
The use they are in all,
May many useful lessons teach,
Although you are but small.
Your oldest sister, Emily,
Was once a tiny thing ;
But now she can most charmingly
Work, read, and play, and sing.

TEMPERANCE SONG.



ASK'D a sweet robin, one morning
in May,
Who sang in an apple-tree over
the way,
What 't was she was singing so sweetly
about,
For I'd tried a long time, but could not find
out.

“Why, I’m sure,” she replied, “you cannot
guess wrong;

Don’t you know I am singing a Temperance
song?

Teetotal — oh, that’s the first word of my
lay;

And then, don’t you see how I twitter
away?

’Tis because I’ve just dipp’d my beak in the
spring,

And brush’d the fair face of the lake with
my wing.

Cold water, cold water, yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day
long.

“And now, my sweet Miss, won’t you give
me a crumb?

For the dear little nestlings are waiting at
home:

And one thing besides, since my story
you’ve heard,

I hope you’ll remember the lay of the bird,
And never forget, while you list to my
song,

All the birds to the cold-water army belong.”

THE BABY'S DANCE.



DANCE, little baby, dance up high ;
Never mind, baby, mother is nigh ;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go ;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backward and forward, round and round :
Then dance, little baby, and mother shall sing,
While the gay, merry carol goes ding, ding-
a-ding, ding.



THE CUT.



WELL, what's the matter? There's a
face ;
What! have you cut a vein ?
And is it quite a shocking place ?
Come, let us look again.


I see it bleeds, but never mind
That tiny little drop ;
I don't believe you'll ever find
That crying makes it stop.

'T is sad, indeed, to cry at pain,
For any but a baby;
If that should chance to cut a vein,
We should not wonder, may be.

But such a man as you should try
To bear a little sorrow;
So run about, and wipe your eye;
'T will all be well to-morrow.



BREAKFAST AND PUSS.

ERE'S my baby's bread and milk,
For her lip as soft as silk;
Here's the basin clean and neat,
Here's the spoon of silver sweet,
Here's the stool, and here's the chair,
For my little lady fair.

No, you must not spill it out,
And drop the bread and milk about,
But let it stand before you, flat;
And pray, remember pussy-cat—
Poor old pussy-cat, that purrs,
All so patiently for hers.

True, she runs about the house,
Catching now and then a mouse ;
But, though she thinks it very nice,
That only makes a tiny slice ;
So don't forget that you should stop,
And leave poor puss a little drop.



PERSEVERANCE.



ERE'S a lesson all should heed —

Try, try, try again.

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try, try again.

Let your courage well appear ;

If you only persevere,

You will conquer, never fear —

Try, try, try again.

Twice or thrice though you should fail,

Try again.

If at last you would prevail,

Try again.

When you strive, there's no disgrace,

Though you fail to win the race ;

Bravely then, in such a case,

Try, try, try again.

Let the thing be e'er so hard,
Try again.
Time will surely bring reward;
Try again.
That which other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Why, with patience, may not you?
Try, try, try again.



IDLE MARY.



MARY, this will never do;
This work is sadly done, my dear;
And then so little of it, too!
You have not taken pains, I fear.

Oh, no, your work has been forgotten;
Indeed, you've hardly thought of that;
I saw you roll your ball of cotton
About the floor, to please the cat.

See, here are stitches straggling wide,
And others reaching down so far;
I'm very sure you have not tried
In this, at least, to please mamma.



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.—PAGE 183.

The little girl who will not sew,
Must neither be allow'd to play;
And then I hope, my love, that you
Will take more pains another day.



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.



MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He follow'd her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turn'd him out;
But still he linger'd near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid;
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"

The eager children cry.

"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"

The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal

In confidence may bind,

And make them follow at your will,

If you are only kind.



TEMPER.



AD temper, go!

You never shall stay with me;

Bad temper, go!

You and I shall never agree;

For I will always kind and mild

And gentle try to be,

And do to others as I wish

That they should do to me.

Temper bad

With me shall never stay;

Temper bad

Can never be happy and gay.

THE INDEPENDENT BOY.

MRS. BROWN.



ON'T hurt him, good Dorcas;
I pray you take care,
When his head you are combing,
And don't pull his hair.

But of what are you thinking,
My dear little lad,
With a face that's so sober
It almost looks sad?

EDWARD.

I am tired, dearest mother,
(The little boy said,)
Of waiting for Dorcas
To come comb my head:

And I have been thinking,
What we all should do,
If you had not money,
And good servants too.

For I call on them, mother,
Whate'er I want done,
Just as if I'd no feet
And no hands of my own.

Now, I knew very well
Where the brush and combs were;
And am sure, if I tried it,
Could comb my own hair.

Yet how long have I waited
For Dorcas, or Bell,
When I've hands of my own,
And could do it as well!

I might have been playing,
A long time ago,
If I had not waited,
And lost the time so.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed, you say truly,
(His fond mamma said,)
And the thing is well thought on,
My dear little Ned.

That boy, my dear Edward,
Must be a sad elf,
Who prefers being idle
To helping himself.

EDWARD.

I declare, then, dear mother,
I'll be no such elf;
But be independent,
And wait on myself.

Here Jack comes this moment,
My slippers to black;
But you need not rub them,
I thank you, good Jack.

There are brushes and blacking
Down stairs on the shelf;
I will go to the kitchen
And brush them myself.

CATO.

It is school-time, (cried Cato;)
Do make haste, good Nat,
And out from the closet
Get Master Ned's hat.

EDWARD.

No, Cato, I thank you;
It lies on the shelf;
If I step on the chair
I can reach it myself.

I'm determined no longer
To be such a fool
As to need half the servants
To fit me for school.

MRS. BROWN.

Now I like this, dear Edward;
For, should we be poor,
You can do very well
Without servants, I'm sure.

For you are no longer
The poor silly elf,
Who had rather be idle
Than wait on himself.

And how much less trouble,
My dear, will you give
To your friends, and the people
Around you that live.

EDWARD.

And I think, my dear mother,
'Tis more pleasant, too,
(Little Edward replied,)
To have something to do,

Than to send off a servant,
And loiter and yawn
On the sofa, while he
For some trifle is gone.

And besides all this, mother,
I've more time for play
Than when I was waiting
For servants all day.

(Edward found, by this method,
Much time he could gain;
And no servant he call'd
To wait on him again.)



THE MERRY FLY.



Y merry little fly, play here,
And let me look at you ;
I will not touch you, though you 're
near,
As naughty children do.

I see you spread your pretty wings,
That sparkle in the sun ;
I see your legs — what tiny things,
And yet how fast they run !

You walk along the ceiling now,
And down the upright wall ;
I'll ask mamma to tell me how
You walk, and do not fall.

'T was God that taught you, little fly,
To walk along the ground,
And mount above my head so high,
And frolic round and round.

I'll near you stand, to see you play ;
But do not be afraid ;
I would not lift my little hand
To hurt what God has made.

PUSSY-CAT.



PUSSY-CAT lives in the kitchen hall ;
She can set up her back and purr ;
The little mice live in a crack in the
wall,

But they hardly dare venture to stir :

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The pussy-cat says, "Come out, if you
dare ;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble went all the
little mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese ;
The pussy-cat says, "It smells very nice ;
Now, do come out, if you please."

"Squeak !" said the mother mouse ; "Squeak,
squeak, squeak !"
Said all the little ones, too ;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we are afraid of *you*."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a mat,
By the fire in the kitchen hall :
“If the little mice peep, they’ll think I’m
asleep ;”
So she rolled herself up in a ball.

“Squeak !” said the little mouse ; “we’ll
creep out,
And eat some Cheshire cheese ;
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease.”

Nibble, nibble, nibble went all the little
mice,
And they lick’d their little paws ;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up from
the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.



THE LITTLE BOY PLEADS FOR A MOUSE.

LITTLE BOY.



MA, speak to pussy and kitty ;
They are dragging all over the
house,

Without any mercy or pity,
A poor little innocent mouse.

I hate to see such wicked cunning ;
For pussy allows it to go,
And just as the mouse thinks of running,
She catches and teases it so.

And once, you can hardly believe me,
When mousy stood up on her knees,
And was begging for life, (it did grieve me,)
Then kitty the poor thing did seize.

MOTHER.

My son, our old puss cannot reason,
And therefore she is not a sinner ;
Perhaps this is not hungry season,
And this teasing is cooking her dinner !

But when children, my darling, are cruel,
And injure the brutes heaven made,
They sully the beautiful jewel
That with a kind heart is inlaid.



THE CHERRY-TREE.



FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries,
Hanging on a cherry-tree;
And he said, "You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me?"

"Thank you, kindly," said a cherry;
"We would rather stay up here;
If we ventured down this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangling from a slender twig;
"You are beautiful," said Freddie,
Red and ripe, and oh, how big!"

"Catch me," said the cherry, "catch me,
Little master, if you can!"
"I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
"If I were a grown-up man."

Freddie jump'd and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the cherry bobb'd about,
And laugh'd and tickled Freddie's nose.

"Never mind," said little Freddie,
"I shall have them when it's right;"
But a blackbird whistled boldly,
"I shall eat them all to-night."



BUSY LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.



'M a little husbandman;
Work and labor hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day
At my work as if 't were play;
Though I've nothing fine to wear,
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song,
With my wallet on my back,
And my wagon-whip to crack,
Oh, I'm thrice as happy then
As the idle gentlemen.

I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie content, and say
I've been useful all the day;
I'd rather be a plough-boy than
A useless little gentleman.

LITTLE MARY.



BEFORE the bright sun rises over the
hill,
In the corn-fields poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scatter'd ears she can glean.

She never looks off, nor goes out of her place
To play, nor to idle, nor chat,
Except now and then, just to wipe her warm
face,
And fan herself with her straw hat.

“Why don't you leave off as the others have
done,
And sit with them under the tree?
I fear you will faint in the beams of the sun;
How weary and hot you must be!”

“ Oh, no; my dear mother lies sick in her bed
Too feeble to spin or to knit :
My poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit.

“ Then could I be idle, or merry, or play,
While they are so hungry and ill ?
Ah, no, I had rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill.”

CHICKENS.



H, hear the chickens peep,
They will no longer keep
Under their mother's wing;
And shall I run and catch them?
Oh, no, I must not touch them;
'T would be a cruel thing.

She cannot get away,
She wishes them to stay
Within the little coop :
I wish that they were kinder,
And not so slow to mind her,
So swift away to hop.

Poor hen, she walks about,
And struggles to get out,
She feels so very sad:
I wish that every chickling
Would stop its merry peeping,
And run to make her glad.

I'll never run away,
Or stop to laugh and play,
When mother calls me home;
I'll quickly run to meet her,
With kindest kisses greet her,
Soon as she bids me come.



TEMPERANCE SONG.




ADIES and gentlemen,
List to my song,
Hurrah for temperance,
All the day long!
I'll taste not, handle not,
Touch not the wine,
For every little boy like me
The temperance pledge should sign.

I'm a temperance boy,
Just six years old,
And I love temperance
Better than gold!
I'll taste not, etc.

Let every little boy remember —
Remember my song;
For all children are loved
That never do wrong.
I'll taste not, etc.



GRANDMOTHER'S FARM.

Y grandmother lives on a farm,
Just twenty miles from town;
She's sixty-five years old, she says,
Her name is Grandma Brown.
Her farm is very large and fine,
There's meadow, wood, and field,
And orchards, which all kinds of fruit
Most plentifully yield.

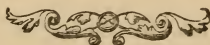
Butter she churns, and makes nice cheese;
They are so busy there!

If mother would stay with me too,
I'd like to do my share.

I go out with the hay-makers,
And tumble on the hay ;
They put me up upon the load,
And home we drive away.

I go into the pleasant fields,
And gather berries bright ;
They've many, many thousands there,
All fresh and sweet and ripe.
A pretty brook runs through the farm,
Singing so soft and sweet ;
I sit upon the grassy bank
And bathe my little feet.

A farmer I would like to be,
They live so pleasantly ;
They must be happy while they work,
Singing so cheerfully.
I think I'll save all that I get,
And earn all that I can,
And buy me such a pleasant farm
When I grow up a man.



RABBIT.



HARLEY had a little pet,
'T was a pretty white rabbit;
Charley called him "Little thief,"
For he ran and stole a leaf.

Little rabbit does not know
It is wrong to take things so;
With little boys, it is a sin
If they only steal a pin.



BOOTS.



HAT would you like
For a present, my boy?
A nice pair of boots,
Or a fine little toy?"

"A nice pair of boots
I should much like the best,
And then I can run
In the snow with the rest.

HORSE.



HY is the horse
In harness now?
He is waiting for John
To go and plough.

We'll plant the corn,
And wheat, and rye;
And Sally will make us
The bread by-and-by.



COW.



IVE me some milk,
Good mooly-cow,
And then I will make you
A nice little bow.

Away to our supper
Then we'll run,
And after that
We'll have some fun.

THE BEES.



MOTHER dear, pray tell me where
The bees in winter stay?
The flowers are gone they feed upon,
So sweet in summer's day."

"My child, they live within the hive,
And have enough to eat;
Amid the storm they're clean and warm;
Their food is honey sweet."

"Say, mother dear, how came it there?
Did father feed them so?
I see no way in winter's day
That honey has to grow."

"No, no, my child; in summer mild,
The bees laid up their store
Of honey-drops in little cups,
Till they would want no more."

"In cups, you said — how are they made?
Are they as large as ours?"
"Oh, no, they're all made nice and small,
Of wax found in the flowers."

WILLIE LOVES THE COUNTRY.



WILLIE loves the country,
And pleased is he to go,
When wintry storms are over,
And cold winds cease to blow,

And with his dear papa
Trim up the shrubs and vines;
Rejoiced that spring has come
And the warm sun brightly shines.

He loves the clear blue sky,
And flowers of beauty wild;
To see the grazing cow,
And lambs that look so mild.

He loves to go among
The fresh sweet-scented hay,
And turn it o'er and o'er,
Before it goes away.

When evening dusk draws on,
Then does this little boy
Run out to gather eggs
With fresh delight and joy.

And thus he spends his time,
In youthful work and play;
Pleased when his lesson's learn'd,
And happy all the day.



A GOOD NAME.



CHILDREN, choose it,
Don't refuse it,
'Tis a precious diadem;
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it,
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish,
'Tis more precious far than gold;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it,
You will need it when you're old.



HELP THE POOR.

BELLE.



SUSEY, stop a moment, dear,
You don't know where I've been;
Oh, such a wretched, dismal sight,
I'm sure you've never seen.
I've been with mother, to a house
Where they are all so poor!
I gave them all my purse contain'd,
And only wish'd 't.was more.

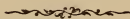
A woman very pale and thin —
A widow too, she said —
And six young children, none of whom
This day had tasted bread;
And not a single spark of fire
This bitter freezing day:
Now, was there e'er a sadder sight,
Dear cousin Susey, say?

Three little ones tried to keep warm
In a poor, wretched bed;
So cold was one the mother held,
I surely thought 't was dead.

Could you have seen how glad they look'd,
When mother sent for wood,
And bread and meat enough for all,
Susey, 't would do you good.

SUSEY.

I have a dollar here, dear Belle,
Pa gave me yesterday;
I'll give it them: come, go with me,
We'll run there all the way.
I'd rather make a sad heart smile
Than buy a doll, I'm sure:
Indeed, it must be very hard
Such sorrow to endure.



DIRTY HANDS.



H, dear me, Emma, how is this?
Your hands are very dirty, Miss;
I don't expect such hands to see,
When you come in to dine with me."

"Mamma," said little Emma, "pray,
Shall we have company to-day,
That I should be so very clean?
By whom, pray, am I to be seen?"

“By whom, my dear? why, by mamma,
By brothers, sisters, and papa;
Say, do you not most love to see
Your parents and your family?”

“Be cleanly and polite at home,
Then you’re prepared if friends should come;
Make it your habit to be clean,
No matter then by whom you’re seen.”



WHAT I LOVE.



LOVE my mother's gentle kiss,
I love to join my brother's play,
I love to walk with little Sis,
And view the shops and pictures gay —

I love my toys and books to see,
I love my mother's silver cup —
But the best thing of things to me
Is when my father takes me up.

Father, when I'm as tall as you,
And you are small like little Sis,
I'll lay you on my shoulder too,
And let you feel how nice it is.

COME TO ME.



LITTLE Johnny, come to me,
Baby bright and cheery;
You've been playing all around
Till your feet are weary.

Come and sit upon my knee;
You may rest a minute;
Ah! you want to stroke my hair;
I fear there's mischief in it.

Yes, you are too full of fun;
I can see it twinkle
In your eyes, you little rogue—
In each rosy dimple.


Don't you want to hear mamma
Tell some pretty stories
About the birds and butterflies
Upon the morning-glories?

Who is coming by-and-by?
Listen, darling, listen;
When papa comes to the door
How your eyes will glisten!

Hark, and hear the robins sing,
Hear the bees a-humming;
Hark, and hear the gate unlatch,
When papa is coming.



THE BABY.

NOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save,
Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow, or the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes;
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.

MAGGIE'S PICTURES.



HAVE a little studio,
Said pretty Maggie Blair;
It's 'way up in my attic room,
And full of pictures rare.

Twelve lovely gems I'll show to you,
By a master painter's hand;
No works of art more perfect may
Be found in all the land.

There's beauty in each varied form,
There's grace in every line,
There's grandeur, loveliness, and power,
And yet they all are mine.

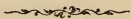
They call me poor, and dare to say
I have but little joy;
They do not dream I've wealth enough
An artist to employ.

He paints each day a picture new,
And wonderfully bright,
Of forests glittering with dew,
And mountains capp'd with light —

Of silver streams that gently flow
Along their pebbly beds —
Of slender rushes bending low,
And flowers with drooping heads.

He sketches clouds of many a form,
Fringed with a brilliant hue ;
And castles old, and arches where
Bright waters tumble through.

'Tis true, said Maggie, I am poor,
But my treasures are not lost ;
I'm happy in my studio
With my artist, good Jack Frost.



THE BLACKBERRY GIRL.



HY, Phebe, are you come so soon ?
Where are your berries, child ?
You cannot, sure, have sold them all :
You had a basket piled."

"No, mother, as I climb'd the fence,
The nearest way to town,
My apron caught upon the stake,
And so I tumbled down.

“ I scratch’d my arm and tore my hair,
But still did not complain ;
And, had my blackberries been safe,
Should not have cared a grain.

“ But when I saw them on the ground,
All scatter’d by my side,
I pick’d my empty basket up,
And down I sat and cried.

“ Just then a pretty little Miss
Chanced to be walking by ;
She stopp’d and look’d so pitiful,
She begg’d me not to cry.

“ ‘ Poor little girl, you fell,’ said she,
‘ And must be sadly hurt :’
‘ Oh, no,’ I cried ; ‘ but see my fruit
All mix’d with sand and dirt.’

“ ‘ Well, do not grieve for that,’ she said ;
‘ Go home, and get some more.’
‘ Ah, no, for I have stripp’d the vines ;
These were the last they bore.’

“ ‘ My father, Miss, is very poor,
And works in yonder stall ;
He has so many little ones,
He cannot clothe us all.

“ ‘ I always long’d to go to church,
But never could I go ;
For when I ask’d him for a gown,
He always answer’d “ No.”

“ ‘ There ’s not a father in the world
That loves his children more :
“ ‘ I ’d get you one with all my heart,
But, Phebe, I am poor.”

“ ‘ But when the blackberries were ripe,
He said to me, one day,
“ Phebe, if you will take the time
That ’s given you for play,

“ ‘ And gather blackberries enough,
And carry them to town,
To buy your bonnet and your shoes,
I ’ll try to get a gown.”

“ ‘ O Miss, I fairly jump’d for joy,
My spirits were so light ;
And so, when I had leave to play,
I pick’d with all my might.

“ ‘ I sold enough to get my shoes,
About a week ago ;
And these, if they had not been spilt,
Would buy a bonnet too.

“ ‘But now they ’re gone, they all are gone,
And I can get no more,
And Sundays I must stay at home,
Just as I did before.’

“ And, mother, then I cried again
As hard as I could cry ;
And looking up, I saw a tear
Was standing in her eye.

“ She caught her bonnet from her head,
‘ Here, here,’ she cried, ‘ take this !’
‘ Oh, no, indeed — I fear your ma
Would be offended, Miss !’

“ ‘ My ma ! no, never ; she delights
All sorrow to beguile ;
And ’t is the sweetest joy she feels,
To make the wretched smile.

“ ‘ She taught me when I had enough
To share it with the poor ;
And never let a needy child
Go empty from the door.

“ ‘ So, take it, for you need not fear
Offending her, you see ;
I have another, too, at home,
And one ’s enough for me !’

“So then I took it — here it is —
For, pray what could I do?
And, mother, I shall love that Miss
As long as I love you.”



GRAN'MA AL'A'S* DOES.



WANTS to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails;
Jus' two, free will be plenty —
We're going to haul our rails;
The splendidest cob fences
We're makin' ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find 'em —
Gran'ma al'a's does.

My horse's name is Betsey;
She jump'd and broked her head;
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor —
We didn't make no muss;
I wis' you let it stay there —
Gran'ma al'a's does.

* Al'a's — always.

I's goin' to the cornfield,
To ride on Charley's plough,
I 'spect he'd like to have me;
I wants to go just now.
Oh, won't I gee up awful,
And whoa like Charley whoas!
I wis' you would n't bozzer —
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter;
I's hungry worstest kind;
But Taddie mus'n't have none,
'Cause she would n't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it;
I tell you what, I knows
It's right to put on sugar —
Gran'ma al'a's does.



THE CAT THAT RANG THE BELL.



HERE was once a pussy
That knew much more
Than ever a tabby
Had learn'd before.

Her fur was pale yellow,
And soft as silk,
But her neck and her paws
Were as white as milk.

When she dozed on the rug
With half-clos'd eyes,
You would never have guess'd
She was so wise.

Or when she was thirsty,
And wish'd to eat,
She would stand up and beg
With her fore-feet.

She slept on the hearth-rug,
Alone, one day,
When all from the parlor
Had gone away.

She must open the door
To get a drink,
But how to do it
She could not think.

And because her wishes
She could not tell,
She concluded at last
To ring the bell.

So she walk'd to the place
Where the rope swung,
And with her own white paws
The bell she rung.

A girl open'd the door
And look'd about,
And while she was looking
The cat walk'd out.

"Bless my heart!" said the girl,
"I cannot tell
Who upon earth it could be
That rang the bell."

In the kitchen she said,
"The thing was queer,"
But pussy was silent,
And wash'd her ear.

Then, she wanted to go
Back to the rug,
And sleep by the coal-fire,
Cosey and snug.

For she never had liked
The kitchen floor;
She fancied a soft warm carpet
Much more.

But down in the kitchen
No bell-rope hung;
So pussy must wait
Till the door-bell rung.

As soon as it sounded
Away she flew;
And loud in the entry
Began to mew.

As soon as her mistress
Open'd the door,
The cat, without bowing,
Ran in before.

She walk'd round the room
Rubbing her fur,
And to utter her thanks
Began to purr.

But the cunning old puss,
She did not tell
That her own little paw
Had rung the bell.

This trick oft repeated
Made the folks stare,
For how could the bell ring
And no one there?

But old Tabby got caught
At last, one day,
When her mistress asleep
On the couch lay:

Or rather, the sly puss
Thought her asleep,
And so deem'd it easy
Her secret to keep.

But through her half-closed eyes
The lady saw
The cat pull the long rope
With her white paw,

Then go watch at the door,
As if she knew well
There would somebody come
When they heard the bell.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.



LITTLE Boy Blue,
Blow your horn;
Sheep in the meadows,
Cows in the corn.

Where's the little boy
That minds the sheep?
Under the hay-stack,
Fast asleep.



LITTLE BO-PEEP.



LITTLE Bo-peep
Lost his sheep,
And don't know
Where to find them.

Let them alone,
And they'll come home,
Wagging their tails
Behind them.

FLOWERS.



HE flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell;
And oh, how beautiful they are!
How sweetly, too, they smell!

The little birds, they spring along,
And look so glad and gay;
I love to hear their pleasant song,
I feel as glad as they.

The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
The bees hum round the hive,
The butterflies are coming out:
'T is good to be alive.



THE WATCH-DOG.



OW — wow — wow!

It's the great watch-dog,
I ken by his honest bark;

“Bow — wow — wow!”

Says the great watch-dog,
When he hears a foot in the dark.

Not a breath can stir
But he's up with a whirr!
And a big "bow-wow" gives he;
And with tail on end,
He'll the house defend
Far better than lock or key.

When we sleep sound,
He takes his round,
A sentry o'er us all;
Through the long dark night,
Till broad daylight,
He scares the thieves from our wall.

But through the whole day
With the boys he'll play,
And gambol in the sun;
On his back astride
They may safely ride,
For well he loves their fun.

By all he's kenn'd
As a faithful friend;
No flattering tongue has he;
And we may all learn
From the great watch-dog
Both faithful and fond to be.

ADDRESS TO THE ROBIN.



LITTLE robin, pray, draw near,
'Tis your Phebe that is here ;
Pretty bird, then come to me,
Come and sing your tweedle-dee.

Now the frosty wind doth blow,
Now the earth is white with snow ;
For my robin, all around
Crumbs I'll scatter on the ground.

See how quickly he doth hop,
Glad to fill his little crop ;
But should I approach too near,
Then he'd fly away for fear.

Foolish robin, why afraid
Of a harmless little maid ?
Here no trap or cage is found,
Here no cat is prowling round.

Then, my bird with scarlet breast,
Come, and on my window rest ;
Pretty robin, come to me,
Come and sing sweet tweedle-dee.

ANNA AND HER CHICKENS.



AMMA, my little chicken see!

He wants a crumb to pick;

And see how fast he'll run to me!

I'll call him — Chick! chick! chick!

He's got a bit — the others come —

They all want to divide;

But off he scampers with his crumb,

Behind the tree to hide.

Stop, greedy chicken: do not take

The whole — it is not fair;

When ma gives me a piece of cake,

I let my sister share.



TREES.



HE Oak is called the king of trees,

The Aspen quivers in the breeze,

The Poplar grows up straight and
tall,

The Peach-tree spreads along the wall,



ANNA AND HER CHICKENS.—PAGE 226.

The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,
The Willow droops in watery glade,
The Fir-tree useful timber gives,
The Beech amid the forest lives.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.



WILL you walk into my parlor," said
a spider to a fly ;
" 'T is the prettiest little parlor that
ever you did spy ;
The way into my parlor is up a winding
stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you
when you 're there."
" Oh ! no, no," said the little fly, " to ask me
is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can
ne'er come down again."

" I'm sure you must be weary with soaring
up so high ;
Will you rest upon my little bed ? " said the
spider to the fly.

“There are pretty curtains drawn around, the
sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly
tuck you in.”

“Oh! no, no,” said the little fly, “for I've
often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep
upon your bed.”

Said the cunning spider to the fly, “Dear
friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt
for you?”

I have within my pantry good store of all
that's nice,
I'm sure you're welcome: will you please to
take a slice?”

“Oh! no, no,” said the fly; “kind sir, that
cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry: I do not
wish to see.”

“Sweet creature,” said the spider, “you're
witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how
brilliant are your eyes!

I've a looking-glass upon my parlor shelf ;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall
 behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what
 you're pleased to say ;
And bidding you good morning now, I'll
 call another day."

The spider turn'd him round about, and
 went into his den,

For well he knew the silly fly would soon
 come back again ;

So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner
 sly,

And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly ;
Then he went to his door again, and merrily
 did sing,

"Come hither, hither, little fly, with the pearl
 and silver wing :

"Your robes are green and purple, there's a
 crest upon your head,

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but
 mine are dull as lead."

Alas ! alas ! how very soon, this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came
 slowly flitting by :

With buzzing wings she hung aloft; then
near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and
green and purple hue.

Thinking only of her crested head, poor
foolish thing! at last
Up jump'd the cunning spider, and fiercely
held her fast.

He dragg'd her up his winding stair, into his
dismal den,
Within his little parlor, but she ne'er came
down again!

And now, dear little children, who may this
story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you,
ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear,
and eye,
And a lesson from this take, of the spider
and the fly.



WILLIE WAY.



H, where's my hat?" cried Willie
Way;

"I never saw the beat!

You always hide away my hat,
Or tramp it with your feet.

"And then my book I cannot get —
That blue book which I own :
I'd thank you if you'd please to let
My books and things alone."

So Willie had an angry look,
And hunted long about,
For he, himself, had dropp'd his book,
And left his new hat out.

He never put his things away,
As careful children do,
And so he lost them every day,
And lost his temper too.

He would not stop to clean his feet,
But brought in mud from play,
And Kennet, who was very neat,
Wish'd he was far away.

To Uncle John's, one morning bright,
His cousins went to play,
But Uncle John would not invite
The careless Willie Way.

"Aunt Jane," he said, "must work much
more,
When Willie was about;
And Willie must improve before
He was invited out."



A DINNER AND A KISS.



HAVE brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There is not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,

Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss:
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss:

While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were season'd with a kiss.



GOOD NIGHT !



LITTLE baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light has gone away;
All the clothes are tuck'd in tight;
Little baby dear, good night !

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow ;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane ;
But they cannot come in here
To my little baby dear :

For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past ;
And the curtains warm are spread
Round about her cradle bed ;
So, till morning shineth bright,
Little baby dear, good night !



HOWARD AND HIS SQUIRREL.



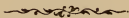
UR Howard had a little squirrel,
Its tail was long and gray ;
He put it in a wiry cage,
And there it had to stay.

Its hickory-nuts and corn it ate
From out its little paw,
And such a funny, active thing
I think I never saw.

But Howard thought he should not like
A little slave to be;
And God had made the nimble squirrel
To run and climb the tree.

And so he open'd Bunny's door,
And laugh'd to see it run,
And spring right up the lofty tree
As if 't was only fun.

A bird or squirrel in a cage
It makes me sad to see;
It seems so cruel to confine
The creatures made so free.



THE ROCK AND THE BUBBLE.



BARE brown rock stood up in the
sea,

The waves at its feet danced merrily;
A bright little bubble came sailing by,
And thus to the rock did gayly cry:
"O bare brown stone, make way for me,
I'm the fairest thing in all the sea.

“See my rainbow robe, and crown of light,
See my glittering form so airy and bright!
O’er the waters blue I am floating away,
To dance on the shore with the foam and
 spray ;

Then let me pass, for the waves are strong,
And their rippling feet bear me fast along.”

But the great rock stood in the midst of the
 sea,

And looking down, said pleasantly :

“Little friend, you must go some other way ;
I have not moved this many a day ;
Billows have dash’d and fierce winds blown,
But my sturdy form is not o’erthrown :

“Nothing can stir me in air or sea,
Then how can I move, little bubble, for
 thee ?”

Then the waves all laugh’d in their voices
 sweet,

And the sea-birds look’d from their rocky
 seat

At the foolish bubble, who loudly cried,
While its round face glow’d with an angry
 pride :

“You *shall* move for me, and you shall not
mock

At what I say, you rough old rock!

Be still, rude birds; why stare you so?

Stop laughing, waves, and let me go;

For I am queen of the ocean here,

And this cruel rock can't make me fear.”

Then dashing up with an angry word,

The bubble broke, and the rock never stirr'd.

Then the sea-birds whisper'd in their nests,
To the little ones gather'd 'neath their
breasts :

“Be not like the bubble, so headstrong and
vain,

By violence seeking your way to gain ;

But be like the rock, steadfast and strong,

Yet cheerful and friendly, and firm against
wrong.

So mind, little birdlings, and wiser be ye,

For the lesson of the bubble and the rock
in the sea.”



LOLA LAKE AND LILA LEE.



'M going now to tell about
Pale little Lōla Lake,
Who teased her mamma every day
For candy, nuts, and cake.

She loved her sweetmeats more than books,
And more than work or play;
I cannot tell how many times
She ate them every day.

At last her cheeks grew very pale,
Her teeth began to ache,
And all because she lived so much
On candy, tarts, and cake.

Dear Lila Lee grew strong and bright
On plain and wholesome food ;
She would not eat unhealthy things
Because they tasted good.

"It was a shame," she said, "to do
Like little Lola Lake ;"
And very seldom would she taste
The candy or the cake.

She loved to help her mother work,
And many books had she ;
And all her brothers loved to read
And play with Lila Lee.

She often with her pennies bought
An orange large and bright,
And took it to a poor, sick man,
Whose name was Billy Blight.

And when he heard her gentle step,
And look'd on Lila Lee,
He bless'd the child, and said, " You are
An angel sent to me."

And Lila, then, was happier far
Than little Lola Lake,
And had more joy than if she 'd bought
Herself the nicest cake.





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